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AN
(Conkling, A.)
Ingersoll

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# MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON

# ROSCOE CONKLING

BY

## ROBERT G. INGERSOLL;

ALSO A

## Sketch of his Life, with Tributes of Public Men and Opinions of the Press.

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"HE DID NOT FALL
LIKE DROOPING FLOWERS THAT NO MAN NOTICETH,
BUT LIKE A GREAT BRANCH OF SOME STATELY TREE,
RENT IN A TEMPEST AND FLUNG DOWN TO DEATH,
THICK WITH GREEN LEAFAGE." * * * *

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ALBANY:
JAMES B. LYON, PUBLISHER.
1888.

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# CONTENTS.


| | Page. |
|---|---|
| Proceedings of the Legislature, | 5–14 |
| Memorial Address of Robert G. Ingersoll, | 17–29 |
| Biographical Sketch, | 33–37 |
| Memorial Tributes: | |
| Opinions of the Cabinet, | 41–42 |
| Opinions of Public Men, | 42–44 |
| Opinions of the Press, | 44–93 |
| A Specimen of Conkling's Eloquence, | 94 |
| Reminiscences by P'ter O'Dactyl, | 94–95 |

# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

# LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK,

IN RELATION TO THE DEATH OF

# Ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling.

IN ASSEMBLY:

April 18, 1888.

Mr. Husted, addressing the Chair, spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker. — At fifty minutes after one this morning ROSCOE CONKLING passed away. When I make that statement I think this House will unanimously concur with me that we have a right to deviate from the usual course whereby we offer resolutions five minutes before the hour of adjournment.

I think this House will concur with me that a man so distinguished as he has been, that a man who has served this State so many years so faithfully and so well, who won for himself the first rank among American orators, American publicists and American statesmen, deserves especial consideration from the members of the Legislature of the State of New York.

It is, sir, but nine years ago since, in this room, I nominated him for Senator of the United States. I did it then with

pleasure and with pride. With grief and sorrow I now announce his death, and I beg leave, sir, to submit the following resolutions, which I will read myself:

*Resolved*, That the Assembly learns with deep sorrow of the death of Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING.

*Resolved*, That his distinguished public services, his high standard of public honor, and his official and personal integrity, merit the acknowledgment of the people of this State.

*Resolved*, That as Representative and Senator in Congress he won the admiration of his colleagues and the plaudits of the nation.

*Resolved* (if the Senate concur), That a joint committee, consisting of five Senators and nine Members of the Assembly, be appointed by the presiding officers of the respective Houses, to prepare a suitable memorial of the public services of the deceased orator and statesman, and to report to the Legislature what further action shall be taken in order to pay to his memory the respectful tribute of their sorrow.

*Resolved*, That out of respect to his memory this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions, by a rising vote, were unanimously adopted.

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IN SENATE:

APRIL 18, 1888.

Senator COGGESHALL offered the following:

*Resolved*, That the Senate of the State of New York learns with deep sorrow and profound regret of the death of the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING. His long and distinguished services in Congress

as a Representative and Senator from the State of New York, his great intellectual attainments and brilliant record, his honesty of public career and integrity, his loyalty of friendship and nobility of character, his illustrious and successful achievements, make his name and fame the common heritage of our State and nation, and enshrine him in the hearts of the people.

*Resolved* (if the Assembly concur), That a committee of five Senators and nine Members of the Assembly be appointed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the Assembly to attend the funeral of Mr. CONKLING, and to make arrangements for appropriate memorial services by the Legislature.

Senators COGGESHALL, LOW and CANTOR spoke to the resolutions, and they were unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

The Assembly sent for concurrence the following resolutions :

*Resolved*, That the Assembly learns with deep sorrow of the death of Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING.

*Resolved*, That his distinguished public services, his high standard of public honor, and his official and personal integrity, merit the acknowledgment of the people of this State.

*Resolved*, That as a Republican Senator in Congress he has won the admiration of his colleagues and the plaudits of the nation.

*Resolved* (if the Senate concur), That a joint committee, consisting of five Senators and nine Members of the Assembly, be appointed by the presiding officers of the respective Houses to prepare a suitable memorial to the public services of the deceased orator and statesman, and to report to the Legislature what further action shall be taken in order to pay to his memory the respectful tribute of their sorrow ; also,

*Resolved* (if the Senate concur), That a joint committee of nine Members of the Assembly and six Senators be appointed to attend the funeral of ROSCOE CONKLING.

The PRESIDENT.—The subject-matter of the resolutions sent by the Assembly has been already adopted by resolutions just introduced and passed in the Senate, and no action is necessary upon the resolutions of the Assembly.

Senator COGGESHALL said:

Mr. PRESIDENT.—It is not my purpose to pronounce any extended eulogy upon the character, life and services of the distinguished man whose death we so profoundly regret. No eulogies, no words of praise, no arch of victory, no monumental pile is needed to endear him to the people. The story of his useful and honorable life illumines the brightest pages of our history, and the fruits of his incessant labors, read and known of all men, give luster to his name and will perpetuate his memory. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again;" a man of tireless activity and industry, and unsurpassed integrity in public, professional and private life.

In the councils of the nation he bore a conspicuous and honorable part in the legislation necessary for the preservation and reconstruction of the Union, and is one of the most distinguished figures in our political history.

During nearly a quarter of a century of public service, when strong and brilliant men of both political parties fell, either by temptation or wicked and malicious denunciation, ROSCOE CONKLING'S fair fame and honor was untouched.

He was above alike corruption and suspicion. In an age when vituperation and calumny are the stock in trade of political warfare, he bore himself with such dignity and uprightness as to command the respect of all.

Although assailed and hounded and set upon by those who were jealous of his well-earned and richly-deserved success — although misrepresented, misjudged and wronged, and his proud, sensitive, high-spirited and chivalric soul wounded — yet the smell of fire was not on his garment.

All the shafts of malice fell idle and harmless against the impenetrable armor of uprightness and self-respect, with which he was fully panoplied.

He was above them all. He rested then, as now, "the knight without fear and without reproach," in the perpetual sunshine of an undying fame.

Sincere in his convictions, he despised shams and false pretense and hypocritical professions.

He thought for himself, and spoke what he thought. He was loyal to his own convictions. Friendship could not swerve him from the path of duty. Ambition could not tempt him. Enemies did not and could not daunt him. He was an open, honorable, manly foe; a loyal, true and constant friend. He never turned the back of his hand to a friend, nor his back to an enemy. He never "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." He never masqueraded. He was, as you saw him, the same at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances — the soul of honor.

> "Faithful found among the faithless.
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
> His loyalty kept, his love, his zeal,
> Nor number, nor example,
> With him wrought to swerve from truth,
> Or change his constant mind."

At the full meridian of intellectual greatness, with many years of usefulness and renown before him, at a time when, more than ever before, his magnificent leadership was required in the party of which he was so many years a conspicuous member, this great and good, honest, true and incorruptible man has closed his eyes in the dreamless sleep of death.

Why this must be is beyond human ken. Why this brave, strong, noble, lion-hearted man should go out from the activities and grand possibilities of a life such as his, and when he was so much needed by his party, his State and country, we know not.

To the stern decrees of an All-wise and Overruling Providence we bow with grief-stricken hearts. At the portals of his grave the whole civilized world mourns.

"He did not fall
Like drooping flowers that no man noticeth,
But like a great branch of some stately tree,
Rent in a tempest and flung down to death,
Thick with green leafage — so that piteously
Each passer by that ruin shuddereth,
And saith, 'The gap this breach hath left is wide,
The loss thereof can never be supplied.'"

As a born leader of men, as statesman or legislator, as lawyer, as citizen, as friend, we honor him and revere his memory.

To the loving and beloved wife and daughter, to his family, to the world, he has left a legacy greater, better and grander than earthly riches — a good name, a reputation untarnished, an integrity unimpaired; for, with Aristides, he could exclaim: "These are clean hands."

Senator Low said:

The Angel of Death has never taken a more kingly man, nor a more noble representative of all that is noblest and greatest in our civilization. I have known ROSCOE CONKLING well for the past thirty years; and among the great men who have honored their country and the world during that eventful period, he was the peer of the greatest and wisest and noblest of them all. He was a born leader of men, an intellectual giant; he never found his equal on the platform or in the arena of the Senate chamber. In his long service and public life he was free from all taint or suspicion of wrong or improper acts. He set

an example well worthy of the imitation of the young men of the country. His loss will be long and keenly felt, and the mourning for his untimely taking off will be deep and lasting.

Senator CANTOR said:

I feel, Mr. President, that some expression of opinion should be given by those to whom ROSCOE CONKLING was politically opposed for so many years of his public life. The Democratic party, to which he was always so honorably opposed, and vigorously opposed, found in him an upright, an honorable, a consistent and a persistent political foe. He was of that class of men who rely absolutely upon his conviction of what was proper and right upon principle. He always advocated from a consistency of purpose, and a direct manly belief that they were just and honorable. And in every legislative or official act, he was of that class of men, of whom our community can not boast so many, who are absolutely devoted to principle and conviction, and who believe that their country rises, at times, higher than party considerations. The life of ROSCOE CONKLING was one that was fraught with great and noble deeds. As a Member of Congress he was a representative faithful to his trust, faithful to his people in the advocacy of all public measures which, in his judgment, redounded to the public benefit; faithful in all respects; his services will be readily recognized and appreciated, not only by the people of the district which he so well represented, and by the people of the State whose Senator he was for two terms in the Senate of the United States; but, sir, he has found a place in the hearts of all the people who believe that honesty of purpose and devotion to country rise paramount to all other considerations. I heartily second the adoption of the resolutions.

Senator COGGESHALL offered the following:

*Resolved*, As a token of respect to the memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was adopted.

IN ASSEMBLY:

APRIL 19, 1888.

Mr. BEATTY offered the following resolution:

*Resolved* (if the Senate concur), That a joint committee of nine Members of the Assembly and six Senators be appointed to attend the funeral of Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

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IN SENATE:

APRIL 19, 1888.

Senator COGGESHALL offered the following:

WHEREAS, The funeral of the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING will occur in the city of New York on Friday, the twentieth instant; and

WHEREAS, His distinguished services in public life and his great eminence as a statesman, call for a marked expression of the high esteem in which he was held by the people of the State; therefore, be it

*Resolved* (if the Assembly concur), That when the Senate and Assembly adjourn this evening, it be until Monday evening at a quarter past eight o'clock.

The PRESIDENT put the question, and the resolution was adopted.

The PRESIDENT announced the following committees, pursuant to the concurrent resolutions of the Senate and Assembly, to attend the funeral of the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING, and to make arrangements for appropriate memorial services by the Legislature: Senators COGGESHALL, LEWIS, SWEET, LAUGHLIN, MURPHY and

REILLY; also, to attend the funeral in the city of New York: Senators COGGESHALL, SWEET, VAN COTT, O'CONNOR, CANTOR and STADLER.

The Assembly returned the resolutions relative to the death of the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING, with a message that they had concurred in the passage of the same without amendment, and had appointed as a committee on the part of the House Messrs. HUSTED, GALLAGHER, HUNTTING, ENZ, BEATTY, BLUMENTHAL, JOHN MARTIN, GORDON and KENT.

IN ASSEMBLY:

APRIL 19, 1888.

The Senate sent for concurrence the following message:

*Resolved*, That the Senate of the State of New York learns with deep sorrow and profound regret of the death of the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING. His long and distinguished services in Congress as a Representative and Senator from the State of New York, his great intellectual attainments and brilliant record, his honesty of public career and integrity, his loyalty of friendship and nobility of character, his illustrious and successful achievements, make his name and fame the common heritage of our State and nation, and enshrine him in the hearts of the people.

*Resolved* (if the Assembly concur), That a committee of five Senators and nine Members of the Assembly be appointed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the Assembly to attend the funeral of Mr. CONKLING, and to make arrangements for appropriate memorial services by the Legislature.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The SPEAKER announced the following committee to attend the funeral of the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING and to draft resolutions: Mr. HUSTED, Mr. GALLAGHER, Mr. HUNTTING, Mr. ENZ, Mr. BEATTY, Mr. BLUMENTHAL, Mr. JOHN MARTIN, Mr. GORDON and Mr. KENT.

The Senate sent for concurrence the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The funeral of the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING will occur in the city of New York on Friday, the twentieth inst., and

WHEREAS, His distinguished services in public life, and his great eminence as a statesman call for a marked expression of the esteem with which he was held by the people of this State; therefore, be it

*Resolved* (if the Assembly concur), That when the Senate and Assembly adjourn this evening, it be until Monday evening next at a quarter-past eight o'clock.

The resolution was adopted.

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IN ASSEMBLY:

MONDAY EVENING, *April* 30, 1888.

The Senate sent for concurrence a resolution in the words following:

*Resolved* (if the Assembly concur), That a joint committee, having in charge the exercises in memory of the late ROSCOE CONKLING, be requested to invite to attend the exercises the members of the present Congress, and such members of preceding sessions as sat in the House or Senate with Mr. CONKLING.

The resolution was adopted.

# MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON

# ROSCOE CONKLING

BY

## Robert G. Ingersoll,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

## New York State Legislature, at Albany, N. Y.

# MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

ROSCOE CONKLING — a great man, an orator, a statesman, a lawyer, a distinguished citizen of the Republic, in the zenith of his fame and power has reached his journey's end; and we are met, here in the city of his birth, to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He earned and held a proud position in the public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many millions of his fellow-men.

The literature of many lands is rich with the tributes that gratitude, admiration and love have paid to the great and honored dead. These tributes disclose the character of nations, the ideals of the human race. In them we find the estimates of greatness — the deeds and lives that challenged praise and thrilled the hearts of men.

In the presence of death, the good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments — that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all.

In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict. Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men.

Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings—these are but the dust of the race—these are accidents, drapery, clothes, fashions, that have nothing to do with the man except to hide his character. They are the clouds that cling to mountains. Time gives us clearer vision. That which was merely local fades away. The words of envy are forgotten, and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called a partisan is a patriot. The revolutionist and the outlaw are the founders of nations, and he who was regarded as a scheming, selfish politician becomes a statesman, a philosopher, whose words and deeds shed light.

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies—one who has nobly fought the battle of a life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thought—one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend—in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves.

How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever.

Intelligence, integrity and courage are the great pillars that support the State.

Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rest

the great fabric of the republic. Flatterers, cringers, crawlers, time-servers are the dangerous citizens of a democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices and passions of the multitude, are the enemies of liberty.

When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many, anarchy begins and the republic reaches the edge of chaos. Mediocrity, touched with ambition, flatters the base and calumniates the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often sacrificed.

In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher — he should carry the torch of truth.

Most people are the slaves of habit — followers of custom — believers in the wisdom of the past — and were it not for brave and splendid souls, "the dust of antique time would lie unswept, and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer." Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks chains, levels walls and breasts the many-headed mob like some great cliff that meets and mocks the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority — insists that their prejudice is patriotism, that their ignorance is wisdom; — not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and

enlarges their minds and educates the conscience—not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make his country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop, who can not be bribed by the promise of success, or the fear of failure—who walks the highway of the right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawling,—position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, these men, these kneelers at the shrines of chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshipped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or men for place or power, will wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

ROSCOE CONKLING was a man of superb courage.

He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of the course pursued without complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true—he was proud. His knees were as inflexible as the "unwedgeable and gnarled oak," but he was not vain. Vanity rests on the opinion of others—pride, on our own. The source of vanity is from without—of pride, from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends, with every breeze—pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud—the other rock. One is weakness—the other strength.

This imperious man entered public life in the dawn of the reformation — at a time when the country needed men of pride, of principle and courage. The institution of slavery had poisoned all the springs of power. Before this crime ambition fell upon its knees, — politicians, judges, clergymen, and merchant-princes bowed low and humbly, with their hats in their hands. The real friend of man was denounced as the enemy of his country — the real enemy of the human race was called a statesman and a patriot. Slavery was the bond and pledge of peace, of union, and national greatness. The temple of American liberty was finished — the auction-block was the corner-stone.

It is hard to conceive of the utter demoralization, of the political blindness and immorality, of the patriotic dishonesty, of the cruelty and degradation of a people who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the Fugitive Slave Law.

Think of the honored statesmen of that ignoble time who wallowed in this mire, and who, decorated with dripping filth, received the plaudits of their fellow-men. The noble, the really patriotic, were the victims of mobs, and the shameless were clad in the robes of office.

But let us speak no word of blame — let us feel that each one acted according to his light — according to his darkness.

At last the conflict came. The hosts of light and darkness prepared to meet upon the fields of war. The question was presented: Shall the Republic be slave or free? The Republican party had triumphed at the polls. The greatest man in our history was Presi-

dent elect. The victors were appalled — they shrank from the great responsibility of success. In the presence of rebellion they hesitated — they offered to return the fruits of victory. Hoping to avert war they were willing that slavery should become immortal. An amendment to the Constitution was proposed, to the effect that no subsequent amendment should ever be made that in any way should interfere with the right of man to steal his fellow-men.

This, the most marvelous proposition ever submitted to a Congress of civilized men, received in the House an overwhelming majority, and the necessary two-thirds in the Senate. The Republican party, in the moment of its triumph, deserted every principle for which it had so gallantly contended, and with the trembling hands of fear laid its convictions on the altar of compromise.

The Old Guard, numbering but sixty-five in the House, stood as firm as the three hundred at Thermopylæ. Thaddeus Stevens — as maliciously right as any other man was ever wrong — refused to kneel. Owen Lovejoy, remembering his brother's noble blood, refused to surrender, and on the edge of disunion, in the shadow of civil war, with the air filled with sounds of dreadful preparation, while the Republican party was retracing its steps, ROSCOE CONKLING voted No. This puts a wreath of glory on his tomb. From that vote to the last moment of his life he was a champion of equal rights, stanch and stalwart.

From that moment he stood in the front rank. He never wavered and he never swerved. By his devo-

tion to principle — his courage, the splendor of his diction, — by his varied and profound knowledge, his conscientious devotion to the great cause, and by his intellectual scope and grasp, he won and held the admiration of his fellow-men.

Disasters in the field, reverses at the polls, did not and could not shake his courage or his faith. He knew the ghastly meaning of defeat. He knew that the great ship that slavery sought to strand and wreck was freighted with the world's sublimest hope.

He battled for a nation's life — for the rights of slaves — the dignity of labor, and the liberty of all. He guarded with a father's care the rights of the hunted, the hated and despised. He attacked the savage statutes of the reconstructed States with a torrent of invective, scorn and execration. He was not satisfied until the freedman was an American Citizen — clothed with every civil right — until the Constitution was his shield — until the ballot was his sword. And long after we are dead, the colored man in this and other lands will speak his name in reverence and love. Others wavered, but he stood firm; some were false, but he was proudly true — fearlessly faithful unto death.

He gladly, proudly grasped the hands of colored men who stood with him as makers of our laws and treated them as equals and as friends. The cry of "social equality," coined and uttered by the cruel and the base, was to him the expression of a great and splendid truth. He knew that no man can be the equal of one he robs — that the intelligent and unjust are not the superiors of the ignorant and honest — and he also

felt, and proudly felt, that if he were not too great to reach the hand of help and recognition to the slave, no other Senator could rightfully refuse.

We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the fallen, stands erect.

Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds—to liberate the bodies and the souls of men—to earn the grateful homage of a race—and then, in life's last shadowy hour, to know that the historian of Liberty will be compelled to write your name.

There are no words intense enough,—with heart enough—to express my admiration for the great and gallant souls who have in every age and every land upheld the right, and who have lived and died for freedom's sake.

In our lives have been the grandest years that man has lived, that Time has measured by the flight of worlds.

The history of that great Party that let the oppressed go free—that lifted our nation from the depths of savagery to freedom's cloudless heights, and tore with holy hands from every law the words that sanctified the cruelty of man, is the most glorious in the annals of our race. Never before was there such a moral exaltation—never a party with a purpose so pure and high. It was the embodied conscience of a nation, the enthusiasm of a people guided by wisdom, the impersonation of justice; and the sublime victory achieved loaded even the conquered with all the rights that freedom can bestow.

Roscoe Conkling was an absolutely honest man.

Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling. Without that they fall, and groveling die in weeds and dust. He believed that a nation should discharge its obligations. He knew that a promise could not be made often enough, or emphatic enough, to take the place of payment. He felt that the promise of the government was the promise of every citizen — that a national obligation was a personal debt, and that no possible combination of words and pictures could take the place of coin. He uttered the splendid truth that "the higher obligations among men are not set down in writing signed and sealed, but reside in honor." He knew that repudiation was the sacrifice of honor — the death of the national soul. He knew that without character, without integrity, there is no wealth, and that below poverty, below bankruptcy, is the rayless abyss of repudiation. He upheld the sacredness of contracts, of plighted national faith, and helped to save and keep the honor of his native land. This adds another laurel to his brow.

He was the ideal representative, faithful and incorruptible. He believed that his constituents and his country were entitled to the fruit of his experience, to his best and highest thought. No man ever held the standard of responsibility higher than he. He voted according to his judgment, his conscience. He made no bargains — he neither bought nor sold.

To correct evils, abolish abuses and inaugurate reforms, he believed was not only the duty, but the privilege, of a legislator. He neither sold nor mort-

gaged himself. He was in Congress during the years of vast expenditure, of war and waste — when the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals — when claims were thick as leaves in June, when the amendment of a statute, the change of a single word, meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations. He stood at the summit of his power — peer of the greatest — a leader tried and trusted. He had the tastes of a prince, the fortune of a peasant, and yet he never swerved. No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide." His hand was never touched by any bribe, and on his soul there never was a sordid stain. Poverty was his priceless crown.

Above his marvelous intellectual gifts — above all place he ever reached, — above the ermine he refused, — rises his integrity like some great mountain peak — and there it stands, firm as the earth beneath, pure as the stars above.

He was a great lawyer. He understood the framework, the anatomy, the foundations of law; was familiar with the great streams and currents and tides of authority.

He knew the history of legislation — the principles that have been settled upon the fields of war. He knew the maxims, — those crystallizations of common sense, those hand-grenades of argument. He was not a case-lawyer — a decision index, or an echo; he was original, thoughtful and profound. He had breadth and scope, resource, learning, logic, and above all, a sense

of justice. He was painstaking and conscientious — anxious to know the facts — preparing for every attack, ready for every defense. He rested only when the end was reached. During the contest, he neither sent nor received a flag of truce. He was true to his clients — making their case his. Feeling responsibility, he listened patiently to details, and to his industry there were only the limits of time and strength. He was a student of the Constitution. He knew the boundaries of State and Federal jurisdiction, and no man was more familiar with those great decisions that are the peaks and promontories, the headlands and the beacons, of the law.

He was an orator, — earnest, logical, intense and picturesque. He laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by "cold gradation and well balanced form" from the corner-stone of statement to the domed conclusion. He filled the stage. He satisfied the eye — the audience was his. He had that indefinable thing called presence. Tall, commanding, erect — ample in speech, graceful in compliment, Titanic in denunciation, rich in illustration, prodigal of comparison and metaphor — and his sentences, measured and rhythmical, fell like music on the enraptured throng.

He abhorred the Pharisee, and loathed all conscientious fraud. He had a profound aversion for those who insist on putting base motives back of the good deeds of others. He wore no mask. He knew his friends — his enemies knew him.

He had no patience with pretense — with patriotic reasons for unmanly acts. He did his work and bravely spoke his thought.

Sensitive to the last degree, he keenly felt the blows and stabs of the envious and obscure—of the smallest, of the weakest—but the greatest could not drive him from conviction's field. He would not stoop to ask or give an explanation. He left his words and deeds to justify themselves.

He held in light esteem a friend who heard with half-believing ears the slander of a foe. He walked a highway of his own, and kept the company of his self-respect. He would not turn aside to avoid a foe—to greet or gain a friend.

In his nature there was no compromise. To him there were but two paths—the right and wrong. He was maligned, misrepresented and misunderstood—but he would not answer. He knew that character speaks louder far than any words. He was as silent then as he is now—and his silence, better than any form of speech, refuted every charge.

He was an American—proud of his country, that was and ever will be proud of him. He did not find perfection only in other lands. He did not grow small and shrunken, withered and apologetic, in the presence of those upon whom greatness had been thrust by chance. He could not be overawed by dukes or lords, nor flattered into vertebrateless subserviency by the patronizing smiles of kings. In the midst of conventionalities he had the feeling of suffocation. He believed in the royalty of man, in the sovereignty of the citizen, and in the matchless greatness of this Republic.

He was of the classic mould—a figure from the antique world. He had the pose of the great statues—

the pride and bearing of the intellectual Greek, of the conquering Roman, and he stood in the wide free air, as though within his veins there flowed the blood of a hundred kings.

And as he lived he died. Proudly he entered the darkness—or the dawn—that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help—to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell, and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death.

Mr. HUSTED said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN.—I move that the thanks of the Legislature be tendered to the Hon. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, for the masterly oration to which we have listened; and, sir, in making this motion, I am confident that I express the unanimous sentiment of this body, when I say that in purity of style, in poetic expression, in cogency of statement and brilliancy of rhetoric it stands unrivaled among the eulogies of either ancient or modern days. As effective as Demosthenes, as polished as Cicero, as ornate as Burke, as scholarly as Gladstone, the orator of the evening, in surpassing others, has eclipsed himself.

Senator COGGESHALL said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN.—No words that I can utter will add to the able and eloquent eulogy pronounced by Mr. INGERSOLL upon the life, character and services of ROSCOE CONKLING.

It is indeed a worthy tribute by one of America's most gifted orators to one of the foremost men of his time.

On behalf of the Senate and Assembly, I second the motion of the gentleman from Westchester.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

# ROSCOE CONKLING.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The distinguished lawyer, orator, political leader and statesman, Roscoe Conkling, whose untimely death the whole country mourns, was born in the city of Albany, on the 3d of October, 1829, and was the youngest son of Judge Alfred Conkling, who was United States Judge for the Northern District of New York for more than a quarter of a century, or from 1825, when John Quincy Adams was President, to 1852. Judge Conkling was afterwards appointed Minister to Mexico, under President Fillmore, and died at an advanced age in the city of Utica, in 1874. He was a native of Amagansett, Suffolk county, in this State, and was of English descent.

Roscoe Conkling received an academic education, and had the advantage of excellent training in a home of culture and refinement. The home schooling impressed upon him in his youth, the refining associations by which he was surrounded and the pure, moral atmosphere in which he was brought up, did not fail to influence him in later years; they were stamped into his life, became a part of it, and evidences of their influence were among his most distinguishing characteristics throughout a brilliant and eventful career.

In 1846, at the age of seventeen, he entered, as a student, the law office of Spencer & Kernan, in Utica. It is not remarked of him that he was a plodder in his legal studies, although he gave to them as much attention and energy as might be expected of one so young in years. Of rhetoric, oratory and politics, he was passionately fond, and to them he devoted no small share

of his time and attention. About the time of his admission to the bar, and when he was scarcely twenty-one years of age, he was appointed by Governor Hamilton Fish to fill a vacancy in the office of district attorney of Oneida county. For this office he was afterwards nominated by the Whigs for a full term, but was defeated.

This defeat seems to have checked, for a time, his ambition for political preferment. For several years he applied himself industriously to the practice of his profession, in which he rapidly rose to remarkable prominence, being counted an advocate of far more than ordinary force and vigor. When the old Whig party went down, after the disastrous defeat in 1852, and the Republican party came into being a few years later, it was an easy matter for Mr. CONKLING to transfer his allegiance to the new organization.

Always an anti-slavery man, he had no choice, when the restriction of slavery came to be the most prominent of National issues, but to be a Republican.

Being a lover of liberty, and an unyielding foe of oppression and intolerance, he could not comprehend why the blessings of freedom should not be enjoyed by all men who had not by crime forfeited the right to them. He early saw, too, the incongruity of tolerating such an institution as human slavery in a republic whose founders had boldly proclaimed that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This conviction of his early manhood never deserted him.

He was ever stanch and true in his opposition to the extension of slavery, and there was no hesitancy in the support he gave to the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, or to the amendment to the Constitution, subsequently adopted, by which slavery was forever repudiated and abolished.

In Mr. CONKLING the colored people of America had a true

and steadfast friend, and if he were not so effusive and demonstrative in this regard as some other men prominent in the party, his friendship was certainly more practical and effective. He never, in any circumstances, formed a political alliance with the party which had supported slavery.

In the spring of 1858, Mr. Conkling was elected mayor of the city of Utica, a position which he held for two terms. His administration of the city government was a model of efficiency and economy.

In November of the same year, when only twenty-nine years of age, he was elected to represent his district in Congress, succeeding the then somewhat celebrated O. B. Matteson. Taking his seat in the thirty-sixth Congress, in December, 1859, Mr. Conkling became, of course, one of the participants in the celebrated contest over the Speakership of the House, which resulted, after a struggle of nearly two months, in the election of the Republican candidate, William Pennington, of New Jersey, who had finally been substituted for John Sherman. Mr. Conkling, being a new and also a very young member, did not attempt to make himself conspicuous during the continuance of the thirty-sixth Congress, but was content to familiarize himself with parliamentary practice and the rules of the body of which he was a member, at the same time taking keen note of the active and exciting political events then occurring at the capital and elsewhere throughout the country.

In 1867, while still a member of the Lower House, he was chosen Senator from New York, to succeed Ira Harris. He was reëlected Senator in 1873, and again in 1879. In 1873 he was offered the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States, and also the Mission to the Court of St. James, by President Grant, and in 1882 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, by President Arthur. These positions he declined. During the two terms of President Grant, Mr. Conkling was his trusted adviser and friend, and wielded immense political

power in the State and in the Nation. In Congress his voice was always raised and his votes were always given upon the side of freedom and progress. He was an earnest supporter of President Lincoln's administration during the war of the Rebellion, and of President Grant's administration during the period of reconstruction which followed. He was opposed to inflation; combatted repudiation in all its forms, and constantly favored an honest currency and a faithful and full discharge of all the obligations of the government. As a political chieftain he governed men by the sheer force of intellect and will. He compelled obedience. He swept to his purpose with an impetuosity that brooked no restraint. Those who faltered or doubted were left behind; those who opposed were trampled down. Whenever he entered heart and soul into a political campaign he seldom failed of success. As a field marshal, as a leader of a political party in action, he had no superior. Twice his intrepid generalship saved his party, and rescued victory from assured defeat. Once, in 1872, after the secession of the Liberal Republicans and the nomination of Horace Greeley, and again in 1880, when Maine had given a Democratic majority, and the defeat of the Republican party seemed inevitable. No better proof of his splendid services can be had than the fact that after his retirement from public life his party was never victorious in the State or Nation. In May, 1881, Mr. CONKLING resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States. To the causes which led to this action it will, perhaps, at this time be inappropriate to refer. The grave has closed over many of the chief actors in that stirring drama, and the mist of oblivion floats between us and the forgotten rivalries and dissensions of that eventful struggle. Justice, however, compels the statement that all impartial men, who are cognizant of the facts, now believe, what Mr. CONKLING and his friends believed at the time of his resignation, that he was the victim of an unparalleled act of political ingratitude.

The last few years of Mr. CONKLING's life were spent in the

practice of his chosen profession in the city of New York. His success as a lawyer in the metropolis was phenomenal. Going there in the autumn of 1881, broken in health and struggling under a load of debt, contracted through the demands of friendship, he advanced almost at a single bound to the first rank at a bar, perhaps, the ablest in the world. As the result of six years incessant toil, he discharged every obligation not only, but amassed a princely fortune. He was employed in the most difficult and important causes, and although retainers were offered him from almost every State in the Union, and although during this period he argued causes in Missouri, Illinois, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, he was compelled, especially during the last years of his life, to confine his practice almost exclusively to the courts of New York and the Supreme Court at Washington.

His fame as a lawyer almost equals his fame as a statesman. When it is remembered that during his long and exacting Senatorial service he had practically abandoned the practice of the law, that when he opened his office in New York he was alone, without business connection or clientage, and that he had to compete with a host of able practitioners entrenched in popular favor and jealous of any new aspirant for the emoluments and honors so long enjoyed by them, his success at the bar may be said to be without a parallel. The nearest approach to it may, perhaps, be found in the career of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, at the bar of London.

In the strength of his manhood, and in the vigor of his splendid physical and intellectual powers, Roscoe Conkling has been stricken down, and the work for which he was so well fitted must be entrusted to others.

His death has removed New York's greatest and at one time her most conspicuous citizen.

Mr. Conkling was many years ago married to the youngest sister of the late Governor Horatio Seymour, who, with their only daughter and child, Mrs. Oakman, survives him.

# MEMORIAL TRIBUTES

TO

# ROSCOE CONKLING

BY THE

## CABINET, PUBLIC MEN OF NEW YORK STATE,

AND

## PRESS OF UNITED STATES.

# MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

## OPINIONS OF THE CABINET.

### SECRETARY WHITNEY.

I think his death will be a great shock to the country. I knew him well, particularly as a lawyer. When I was corporation counsel I was thrown with him on two or three occasions, desperate cases, and I have never seen any man who had a stronger personality, who had such strong convictions, and who was able to impress himself upon a court with greater power than he. He was upright by nature, and as a public man was an example of honesty and straightforward devotion to his views of duty. He held the highest position in the public mind.

### SECRETARY VILAS.

Independently of his gifts of intellect, his grace of speech, and his public services, the qualities which commonly excite admiration and attract followers, Senator CONKLING deserves to live long in the grateful memory of his countrymen for the lofty integrity and purity of his official life and character. A dominating spirit during a period when many instances of peculation and jobbery occurred, no one ever fixed upon him any imputation of personal advantage arising from his performance of public service. He served the public and not himself while in office, and, though such fidelity be like a soldier's courage, demanded of every one, its conspicuous manifestation should receive recognition and gratitude.

### ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND.

Mr. CONKLING was in the Senate when I came here in 1877, and I got acquainted with him pretty closely soon after I entered the Senate. Having been on the Judiciary Committee with him for a good part of the four years or more during which he remained in the Senate after I became a member of that body, I learned to know him very well. Our relations

were always cordial and friendly. He was a man of great energy of character and an intellectual man decidedly. At times he was a man of great power. He was always an interesting figure in the Senate, and when in the proper mood was as companionable and interesting a man as I ever saw. He was a man capable of a great deal of usefulness, and I regret very much his loss.

## SECRETARY ENDICOTT.

I did not know Mr. CONKLING personally, but he was a very able, prominent and distinguished man. His death is a great loss to the profession of the law, to which he has devoted himself so conspicuously for the last few years.

## POSTMASTER-GENERAL DICKINSON.

I passed an hour in his company during his last visit to Washington a month ago, when he was here to argue a patent case. I thought then that I had never seen him in better health or more buoyant spirits. To me he was one of the most fascinating and charming men I ever met. As a lawyer he was great. His mind was comprehensive and luminous, showing right and wrong with wonderful clearness. When a legal question was presented to him, his intellectual processes determined for him what the law was, and he went to the books only after he had reached a conclusion. Democrats remember him as a statesman, and that on all great questions he was above party and was almost invariably right in his positions. He has left the strong impress of his masterful personality, of his vigorous intellect, of his purity and his patriotism upon the history of the country. Although, when he died, in name a private citizen, his influence upon public affairs was felt to be potent. It is an influence that will be missed by the whole country.

# OPINIONS OF PUBLIC MEN.

## GOVERNOR HILL.

When apprised of the death of ROSCOE CONKLING, Governor Hill said: The death of such a man as Mr. CONKLING is a loss to the country at large, and especially the State he lived faithfully to serve. His career as a statesman has been an unusually clear and honest one, and the party to which he belonged is the only one that failed to do him honor. The people in general must mourn the loss of such a man and statesman.

## LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JONES.

ROSCOE CONKLING was the man who in affirming the honesty of his convictions was forced to sunder party ties, but he won by that very action the admiration of the people in general instead of simply party praise. He was a shining light in the midst of corruption. Personally he was one of the most courtly and polished of men and his death removes at one stroke a man, a politician, and in the world's best sense, a public benefactor.

## NEW YORK STATE SENATORS.

Senator SLOAN: He was a meteoric light in the party, and a man of wonderful ability.

Senator KELLOGG: He was the bravest, most honest leader the party ever had.

Senator VEDDER: Had he lived he would have again controlled the party.

Senator MURPHY: As a man and a statesman it would be hard to find his equal.

Senator CANTOR: His death is a loss to the State and to the country, regardless of politics.

Senator RILEY: The loss of ROSCOE CONKLING will be felt by the Republican party of the State, he being the one man who could solidify it in the coming campaign. Democrats as well as Republicans will mourn the loss of one who despised hypocrisy and cant.

Senator LEWIS: In the death of Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING this State and nation are called upon to mourn for one of its brightest sons, an honest man, the noblest work of God.

Senator FASSETT: ROSCOE CONKLING was one of our great men. His position in American politics is unique. Men obeyed him, feared him and were devoted to him, but they rarely loved him. He lived alone. He had associates but no intimates. He met men but did not come into contact with them. In the peculiar lines in which his life ran he has in our history never had his equal.

Senator LANGBEIN: He was, in my judgment, the greatest orator and elocutionist in the nation—I think in the world."

Senator LOW: I have known ROSCOE CONKLING well for the past thirty years, and among the great men who have honored their country and the world during that eventful period, he was the peer of the greatest and wisest and noblest of them all.

Senator ARNOLD: ROSCOE CONKLING was the Chevalier Bayard of his age and country. He was "without fear and without reproach." The State will never produce a man who occupies a higher place in her history for great talents, pure patriotism and distinguished public service."

Senator HAWKINS: One of the brainiest men in the country. Knew him from entrance into politics and always admired his ability."

## NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLYMEN.

Speaker COLE: Nature did more for Mr. CONKLING than for perhaps any other Republican. He was unquestionably preëminent among our great men, and but for a few unfortunate mistakes in judgment would certainly have been president.

Mr. HUSTED: I have known him for years. In 1873 I seconded his nomination for Senator, and in 1879 nominated him at his request, on on both occasions receiving warm letters of thanks from him. I differed with him on the question of his return to the Senate in '81, but during the last year our relations resumed their old intimacy.

Mr. ROESCH: Had I not been a Democrat I should have been a Conkling Republican.

Mr. KENT: He was my next-door neighbor for years, and had close relations with my father. I admired him as an upright man and a great statesman.

Mr. BEATTY: I always worked with him politically, and always supported him in party conventions. His fine personal qualities make him a great loss to the Republican party, which he so much adorned.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

**From the Albany Morning Express, April 18.**

When Mr. CONKLING resigned, he went from a position of greater individual power than any man had before exercised in the Empire State into a political oblivion as complete as it was possible for him to make it; and he went driven out by the political party whose battles he had been fighting and winning for twenty-five years. His going was accepted as the natural development of a sentiment that had been growing in the Republican party ever since the close of the war, and which can be understandingly described as opposition to bossism, or one-man power. The hostility to Mr. CONKLING was directed more against his method, or system, than against himself. The people recognized the fact that he was supreme in the party in this State, and they resented it — more particularly did those resent it who had incurred his hostility or displeasure, and these latter became too numerous towards the end to have been much longer withstood. Mr. CONKLING's career was the embodied supremacy of the organization in politics. He believed in it, he understood it thoroughly, and he realized its fullest capacity as an agency for control. He had no scruples about the application of State and Federal patronage to the consolidation of the machinery of the party. Where he failed, and unnecessarily imperiled his organization, was in his absolute refusal at all times to stoop to conquer. There was an imperialism about his nature which forbade him to parley. A man was either for him or against him, and it apparently made little difference which; but there was no middle ground. To his friend he was ever generous and loyal; to his enemy he was either indifferent or implacable. Though all the world were against him, Mr.

Conkling would never abate one jot or title, either of his conviction or his position. More than any other man who has lived in this country, Mr. Conkling possessed the qualities of leadership, with this single exception. Conciliation was a word not found in his dictionary. Compromise was foreign to his nature. Concession was repugnant to his reason. On the throne of the czars, he would have been a wise, generous and beneficent ruler. As an outgrowth of the free democracy of our institutions he was too strong, too high and too unbending, not to break before the tornado of such a crisis as that which swept him from the proud position of the uncrowned king of the people.

This characteristic affords the clew to Mr. Conkling's power. When we come to analyze it, we find that it all resolves itself back into that one word, power. He was power incarnate; its embodiment physically, mentally, morally. His rank among American statesmen is not likely to be as high as those among us who have been brought into personal contact with him may incline to think that it ought to have been, in view of his transcendent influence upon the politics of one decade in our history. Mr. Conkling was not a constructive statesman, in the larger sense of the word. He was not the originator of great measures, or the advocate of large movements. His skill was displayed in the correct and judicious management of current affairs. Neither was he a great orator, in the sense that we apply that term to Daniel Webster, or even to William H. Seward. Mr. Conkling made very few speeches which will live in literature as models of the oratorical presentation of general principles, or be read by coming generations as the speeches of Burke are read. And yet, there is living to-day no American with capacity for so powerfully impressing and influencing an audience as Roscoe Conkling possessed, and there has been none to compare with him in his day and generation. There was a masterful eloquence in his simple appearance on the rostrum, and when to that was added his voice, his intonation, his gesture, and his strong, rugged, plain and penetrating Saxon, the sense of power was complete. It was so in the practice of his profession, and in his individual contact with men. Always there was the sense of mastery present in his presence and radiating in his utterance. Mr. Conkling's mind was virile, his judgment was firm and his will was as adamant. He was a man of great application, and labor to him was as congenial as play to a child. He had the capacity to master any subject, however abstruse or complicated, and it was his delight to conquer knotty problems in law or in politics. Perhaps the most important service he rendered his country during his public career, was in the framing and the passage of the electoral commission bill, under which the disputed presidential election of 1876 was determined, and but for which the nation would most certainly have been plunged into civil war. In the advocacy of this bill Mr. Conkling made a speech of two days duration; and the array of facts and details it contained regarding the practice and precedents of the Nation in the counting of electoral votes affords a correct insight into the thoroughness and completeness of all his work. Of the faults of his character we have spoken. They were all on the surface; and they were of a kind to seriously curtail his capacity for usefulness. But now that he is gone, all the greatness of the man stands out in the public mind luminous and resplendent as the sun in the heavens.

**From the Albany Evening Journal, April 18.**

"The King of Shadows loves a shining mark;" and not in our country in many a day has he given such forcible expression to his passion as when he marked ROSCOE CONKLING for his own. It is almost impossible to realize that that acute intellect has ceased to be active and that that magnificent form lies cold in death. We have been so accustomed to associate Mr. CONKLING with everything that was strong and manly and vigorous, that the announcement that he too has succumbed, while yet in the vigor of mature manhood, falls upon us with an effect at once depressing and bewildering.

We shall not be accused of making an invidious distinction when we say that the death of ROSCOE CONKLING has removed New York's greatest, and at one time her most conspicuous citizen; nor will anyone dispute us in saying that his death is, as his retirement from the public service was, a great loss to the whole country. The man was so robust in his treatment of all public questions, so earnest and forcible and convincing in argument, so faithful in his devotion to friends and so strong in his integrity, that those who admired him became almost his worshipers, while even those who opposed him could not withhold their respect.

It was Mr. CONKLING's nature to be strong and positive. His convictions of right and wrong were intense, and, being so, he was not tolerant of those who antagonized them. He had all the qualifications of a great leader of men and director of their opinions, except the art of conciliation. That he despised as being something not far removed from hypocrisy, and consequently with conciliation he would have nothing to do. What he could not carry by direct and forcible assault he would not have—and herein lay his weakness as a political leader. That weakness, however, for by that name we suppose it must be called, was more than counterbalanced by his matchless courage, his sublime faith in the justice of the cause he espoused, his spotless integrity and his unswerving loyalty to country and friends.

There was corruption in high places during the days in which Mr. CONKLING took an active and leading part in public affairs, but no one ever entertained the thought that he was venal. The tone of public morality was undoubtedly lowered in consequence of the enormous expenditures made necessary by the civil war; but Senator CONKLING's standard of virtue never fell. Mean and petty things he despised, as he did those who practiced them; but dishonesty he abhorred. With it he would make no compromise, nor with it would he hold any traffic. Better would it have been for our beloved land if more of our public servants had possessed these rugged virtues in so marked a degree.

The last few years of Mr. CONKLING's life have been spent quietly and unostentatiously, in the practice of his chosen profession, in which he deservedly and almost necessarily stood high. Those years brought him peace of mind such as he had long been a stranger to, and built up a fortune which had become greatly impaired through no fault of his own. Although he had withdrawn from active participation in politics, those who were so fortunate as to be in his confidence know that his heart went out to the great political organization with which he was so long, so honorably and so conspicuously identified, and that it was his earnest hope

to see it returned to power, chastened, purified and strengthened by the experiences of the past few years. It would have been impossible for Mr. CONKLING to have been anything but a Republican; but his ideas of what Republicanism should be and stand for were more lofty than those of the average politician.

These last few years have also brought about a wonderful revulsion in the popular feeling towards Mr. CONKLING, and every one of them has largely increased the numbers of those who prayed for his return to public life and station. There were not wanting many who believed the time not far distant when there would be a popular demand for his coming to the front so strong as to amount to a summons which could not be disobeyed. And what a leader he would have been! How the grand old organization thus commanded would have shaken off all lethargy and gone into action confident and invincible!

But that was not to be. In the strength of his manhood and in the vigor of his splendid physical and intellectual powers he has been stricken down; and the work for which he was so well fitted in most respects must be entrusted to others. It will be many a day before this noble character in American political history of the last quarter of a century will be forgotten; for the American people are not prone to forget those of their statesmen who have proved themselves loyal to country, honest and faithful in her service and true in all things. Such a man was ROSCOE CONKLING, for whom the State of New York and, indeed, the whole nation, mourns to-day.

**From the Albany Sunday Press, April 22.**

Amid the tolling of sacred bells and the oppressive hush of a grief-bowed multitude, ROSCOE CONKLING was yesterday laid to rest in the bosom of that mother whose refuge is common to all mortality. And could those dumb clods which bar his casket from human vision take unto themselves momentary intelligence and the language of man, doubtless they would yield warm expression to the distinction felt as immediate sentinels about the couch of a great chieftain, who rests from his labors and slumbers peacefully and well. Were death desirable and robbed of its revulsions by an implicit knowledge that it were truly a blissful transition; were humanity intensely impressed that to die is gain and that the portals of the grave are but the frontier gates of a metropolis whose splendid proportions and surroundings are reserved for earth's probationary candidates in probity and exalted citizenship, still, while the taking off of ROSCOE CONKLING and his interment amid the scenes of his dreams and affections, should be regarded as the just reward of an exemplary life and a fitting furlough to one who had served through the long campaign of every-day battles with conscious dignity and unquestioned valor, it would be hard to give him up.

But human nature, as a rule, in its tender mould, despite the assurances of ecclesiastical doctors, has not as yet become enabled to recognize the summoning hence of a master mind and imperial presence as a mark of

favor from the Omnipotent Ruler. While fervently believing that a stainless career on earth can form the sole passport to a full enjoyment of whatever of beatification lies beyond the tomb, its sentiments are too pronounced, its stoicisms all too limited, to admit of a sincere resignation to the stroke which removes for all time one whose talents compelled universal admiration and whose conspicuous walk of life was a synonym for honesty.

And it is this deep-seated love of scrupulous integrity, this proximate reverence of extraordinary intellect, that makes America to-day a mourner at the shrine of ROSCOE CONKLING'S memory. Is it strange that the tears of a great people should moisten the mound of one whose eminence was a nation's pride? Is it unnatural that the fairest floral growths above his coffined form should ever sparkle with the dewdrops of human sympathy and fraternal sorrow? Is it, we say, an exhibition of surprising moment that a man among men, a brilliant public character where official life is all too questionable, a private citizen whose retirement had been marked by modest bearing and unceasing toil, should be followed to the tomb by the sobbing of millions who had learned to properly estimate his unusual manhood and to boast him as a product of republican institutions?

Such a man was ROSCOE CONKLING. However, if so inclined, we may question the wisdom of that course which led to his laying down the onerous duties of public life; to whatever extent we may disagree with certain political theories that enlisted his faith, not one among us would dare impeach his honor or cast the slightest cloud upon his respectability or actuating motives. We marked him, as with high emprise he advocated vital doctrines on the floor of our Federal Senate. We stood enchained by his earnest eloquence and applauded his Titanic blows for sound government and generous citizenship. We felt that with such a fearless, steady counselor aboard, the ship of state could not well go upon those rocks which history attests ever line the pathway of our popular form of rule. Nor were we deceived. He was uniformly true to the interests of the people. He espoused in practice as well as in theory that central idea of the best government, the greatest good to the greatest number. He was not hemmed in by sectional prejudices and his memory will be as tenderly cherished by the impassioned people of our tropical States as by those who dwell among the severer conditions of this time-honored municipality which vaunts his birthplace.

Was he forgotten when he returned to his barrister's books, poorer by much than when he left them to enrich his country by the tribute of his genius? Assuredly not. We noted with delight his testimony to the peace of mind and unalloyed joy that he discovered in communion with the legal authors. Our fears that his sudden adoption of a life so contrary to that to which he had for years been accustomed, would result in misanthropic manifestations were speedily dispelled. His private life was as serenely beautiful as had been his public career strikingly lustrous. He was not moved by repeated temptations to return to that vortex which had previously engulfed his happiness. His time and talent were riveted upon a single purpose, to gain a competence for those who were proper objects of his care, and in the consummation of this ambition he found abundant satisfaction.

And so lived and passed away one of America's noblest sons, a profound statesman, a distinguished jurist, a representative citizen. And future generations, studying his life and labors, and realizing in him a demonstration of the possibility of political purity, may well take up our grief at his cutting down in his magnificent manhood and splendid powers, and pause to appreciate the epitaph to-day mentally inscribed in the hearts of his countrymen, HE WAS AN HONEST MAN.

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**From The Albany Argus, April 18.**

Death has again struck a shining mark, one of the most brilliant that, in a generation, has reflected the lights and shades of Republicanism. The ablest organizer, most accomplished orator, most daring partisan and most magnetic leader that the Republican party ever had in this State, died in New York this morning. He had passed out of politics nearly seven years before his death, it is true, but there were always hopes entertained by some among the party, to which he had for years devoted his great talents, that the day would come when the Achilles of the Republican party would leave his tent and do battle once more. But ROSCOE CONKLING cast his all on the issues of the unexampled conflict of 1881 and, defeated there, his pride would not permit him to reappear in the field again. There were other considerations, too, why Achilles remained in his tent, even while the myrmidons were being slaughtered at election after election. The party had degenerated, and a lot of nobodies had succeeded the giants of other days. He could not bow his head to the yoke of pigmies, nor soil his fame and record in mingling with such degenerate successors of the men who made the Republican party a power in the land.

His was a meteoric career. In his twenty-first year, when he became district attorney for Oneida county, he sprang at once into prominence in law and politics. Eight years later he became mayor of Utica, and his commanding abilities as a leader began to develop, especially when in those exciting days just preceding the great national conflict he went to Congress, and commanded attention by his wonderful powers of oratory. When the war was over and President Johnson became embroiled with Congress, ROSCOE CONKLING was the leader in the Senate. He was at that time a type of manly beauty, and an admirer thus faithfully sketched his appearance: "Tall, well made, with broad shoulders and compact chest and an erect carriage, he was always dressed with scrupulous neatness. His nose was large and prominent, his eyes of a bluish-gray hue, surmounted by heavy, dark auburn eye-brows, his side whiskers curled closely, and his hair ran down with a sharp point into the middle of his broad, bold forehead, where it rose in a curl. His language was eloquent, and when he spoke on the floor every word was clearly enunciated, while slow and deliberate gestures lent effect to what he said. At times, when his features would light up with animation, his deep nostrils would quiver and lengthen into the expression of scorn, which would often lash an opponent into fury. His manner towards strangers was at times dictato-

rial, but his personal friends worshiped him, and they never threw off their allegiance."

President Grant tendered Senator CONKLING a seat on the Supreme Court bench, but he declined it. He repeated his declination when the same honor was offered him by President Arthur and confirmed by the Senate. The climax of his career was, perhaps, when he made the memorable fight in Chicago, in 1880, for Grant. He was then in his element, war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, the lion of the convention. He held the famous "306" as an unflinching phalanx to the last, going down before overwhelming numbers, with colors flying and hearts undaunted. He infused into his followers some of his own fiery enthusiasm, and his speech placing Grant in nomination was a wonderful effort of oratory. Throughout the desperate conflict which, on the thirty-sixth ballot, ended with the nomination of Garfield, the great Stalwart leader was the most conspicuous man in the convention among an assemblage in which there were so many distinguished statesmen and orators. The end of his public career came the following year, when Garfield broke his compact with him and Robertson became collector of the port of New York.

Mr. CONKLING was a steadfast friend and as consistent an enemy. There was not a particle of petty spite in his nature, but strong, manly, generous instincts that always lifted him above those who surrounded him. Albany may be proud of such a son, who achieved such a brilliant career. He has left a name second to none in the party to which he devoted his exceptional abilities, and one that will be ever enshrined in the Walhalla of national celebrities.

His last appearance in his native city was as pall bearer at the funeral of the late Daniel Manning. It was a tribute to the memory of a distinguished Albanian by another eminent son of Albany, Both men had won esteem and fame of a national standard, on which no stain ever rested. Both were earnest, unselfish statesmen, inspired by noble thoughts and conscientious to the last degree in their public services. Each was faithful to his party under circumstances that tested loyalty to the utmost; each made a brilliant record at the national conventions of his party. They were citizens of whom Albany has good reasons to be forever proud, and to enshrine their names in the brightest page of its annals.

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**From the Troy Times, April 18.**

The country hears with profound sorrow that ROSCOE CONKLING, ex-Senator of the United States, is dead. He was in the full tide of physical vigor and mental strength, and bade fair, when his fatal illness befell him, to enjoy for many year to come active participation in the duties of his profession. Nature had given him a superb constitution. His habits were temperate, if not abstemious. He ceaselessly employed those general aids which experience has shown to be efficacious in promoting physical robustness, and found his reward in the possession of almost unbroken health, great strength and the ability to so command all his powers as to meet every professional and intellectual emergency,

Although seven years had passed since he retired from public life, he was the object of unceasing interest to the people. He had so long been an impressive and picturesque figure in American politics that he could not if he would wholly withdraw himself from general attention. Speculation was intermittent whether he would not some day return to the field in which he had once played so conspicuous a part and in which he had made his fame. His appearance, manner and utterances in court as well as in private were matters of almost constant comment in the press. These facts showed how deep an impression Mr. CONKLING had made upon his contemporaries.

ROSCOE CONKLING, departing in his prime, achieved a reputation almost peerless for oratorical ability and brilliant statesmanship. He was an indefatigable student; he read much; he worked methodically; he thoroughly mastered the subject under investigation. His power of memory was remarkable; his capacity on the moment to recall historical facts and reminiscences, both political and literary, for argument and illustration, was a gift which afforded equipment for forensic effort that few of our time or of any time possessed.

ROSCOE CONKLING was an impressive speaker; he never failed to awaken the interest of his hearers; he had something to say whenever he spoke, and that something embraced live thought, forceful logic, convincing illustration and sometimes striking argument and satire combined. His style of speech was felicitous, often original, always powerful. He was earnest in advocacy, honest in condemnation and never faltered in maintenance of the courage of his conviction.

Nature had awarded him physical gifts which largely contributed to his great success before audiences. He was tall, and his "Apollo-like form," a phrase the reverse of ironical in this instance, was crowned with a head which filled the ideal of intellectual and physical manhood. Every movement, whether of step or gesture, represented a combination of rare grace and superior power. His voice in strength and flexibility met every requirement of the popular occasion. In delivery he was slow, forceful, irresistible. The tide of his oratory made his hearer think of the unagitated but mighty movement of a great river rolling toward the sea. Running through his speeches were the lines of great principles, but never was there a lack of apt detail, the citation of incident which emphasizes and illuminates the argument.

A notable feature of his speeches was his marvelous command of language. His preference was for short words, but he often wove them into striking and picturesque phrases, which passed into the current speech of the day. As a debater, his pre-eminence could not be disputed. His nature was controversial. He coveted an antagonist as well as a subject; a provocation as much as an incitement. The masterly manner in which he vanquished Senator Schurz in the "French arms" controversy and Senator Hill and Senator Lamar on other notable occasions, revealed his tremendous resources in contest where "Greek meets Greek" in the tug of senatorial conflict.

Senator CONKLING's great powers as an orator were best exhibited in addressing popular audiences on the political issues of the hour. To hold thousands of people enthusiastically entertained, if not spell-bound, for

hours, was a common achievement with him. Said an American who had listened to all of our chief orators: "I have heard [mentioning several of them], but somehow they seem light-waisted compared with Mr. CONKLING," To listen to one of his speeches was an event to be profitably and pleasantly remembered. Complete readiness for the occasion was a prominent characteristic of the man and the orator. He almost seemed to court interruption by some hostile auditor who in invariably regretted his audacity.

Mr. CONKLING's oratorical triumphs were many, but perhaps the magnitude of his capacity was never more conspicuously displayed than during the Garfield campaign in 1880, when he spoke not only in the principal cities of this State but addressed meetings as far west as Ohio and Indiana. Each speech was distinct in character and phraseology, and his performances reminded one of Gladstone's Midlothian tour in Scotland.

As a legislator, ROSCOE CONKLING's integrity was never questioned; as a friend he was heroic in championship; as an adversary he was undisguised—all knew where to find him. Tremendous blows he delivered, but it was his sense of duty that directed them. If he erred, the error was one of conviction. In political leadership he was a factor whose potency all conceded.

We need not dwell upon the political differences that led to ROSCOE CONKLING's withdrawal from a great political career. Disagreeing with him as to the policy of that withdrawal, the *Troy Times*, in common with the great body of the Republican party of New York State, and we may say of the whole country, conceded the rectitude of his intentions, while deeply and painfully regretting his retiracy, which it was sincerely hoped would be only temporary.

As light appeared to him he could not understand how others failed to discern it. It was ever to him a clear light, and during the predominancy of his leadership it was clear to the masses of his Republican following.

ROSCOE CONKLING had his infirmities, but splendid merits he possessed which led to admiration even when friendly disagreement or active antagonism was interposed in opposition to his views or policy of action. An iron will power he had. It was never masked by hypocrisy. It asserted the convictions of the man without semblance of deception.

ROSCOE CONKLING was a great political leader. But his were not the methods which seek a following through familiarity or sacrifice of dignity. He was too proud to stoop to the arts of demagogy. His recognized genius commanded confidence and admiration without resort to the acts of smaller-minded politicians. He stood aloof from trickery, and slew his political foes in the open field and in the face of the sun. He disdained victories that could be won only at the sacrifice of dignity and self-respect. It is one of the strongest testimonials to his real greatness that his bitterest political foes freely and unhesitatingly acknowledged his unimpeached and unimpeachable honor.

ROSCOE CONKLING made his mark as few men who have gone before made their impress upon the times in which they lived. He was a patriot statesman. During the nation's awful peril his powerful efforts were unsparingly, and to the utmost, exerted to sustain the country and to make the Union at whatever cost "one and inseparable, now and

forever." Loyal service he rendered the republic during the dark days. The lamented Lincoln sought his counsel, young man as he then was. He never faltered, never doubted; the logic of events and the heroism of the Union army he saw from the beginning as agencies of his country's salvation.

From the hour when disloyal guns were turned upon Sumpter until the last rebel flag was trailed in the dust no other spirit in Congress flamed more fiercely for a thorough prosecution of the war for the Union. His speeches blazed with loyalty and denunciation of treason. He supported all the great measures calculated to restore to the republic peace with honor. The amendments to the Constitution found in him an earnest and influential advocate. As a member of the House he was a leading factor of the Ways and Means Committee and the Special Reconstruction Committee of Fifteen. Firm of purpose, far-seeing of vision and most eloquent in presenting his opinions, Mr. CONKLING stood second to none in a body of men whose names a once-imperiled nation will hold in grateful remembrance.

His work in the Senate was equally effective in promoting the best interests of the people. Probably the most elaborate speech that he ever delivered in Congress was in support of the plan for settling the disputed Presidential election of 1876. It lasted through portions of two days, and if any man's utterance was decisive of its fate it was Mr. CONKLING'S.

ROSCOE CONKLING, with all the stubborn qualities of his nature, was a tender-hearted man. To friends he was deeply attached. Over their misfortunes he mourned; in their prosperity he rejoiced. He was princely in social companionship. He captivated with his wit; he instructed as he amused with his sarcasm. As a conversationalist he was as magnetic as in public oratory. It was a feast to listen to his quaint and original analyzation of men and measures in private disquisition. Everywhere he was a commanding power; the might of his genius was always conspicuous whether in high debate or in social reunion.

There was sublimity in the friendship of ROSCOE CONKLING for the lamented General Grant, and to the last the latter gratefully recognized his personal devotion and his unselfish support. He knew the stern qualities of the soldier statesman; he believed in the man with all the fervor of his nature, and that General Grant's re-election to the Presidency for the third term would inure to the advantage of the republic. How loyally and ably he labored to assure this consummation, and how nearly the result was approached, largely through his efforts, now constitutes an interesting and almost heroic chapter in our political history. But chieftain and noble advocate are now of the past, to be honored, however, by the memory which time will perpetuate as examples of illustrious achievement, wherein the eminent dead will not cease to speak usefully and heroically to the living.

In the death of ROSCOE CONKLING, this commonwealth has lost an illustrious son, the country a sincere patriot, the bar a brilliant advocate, and, we may add, the world a great man.

**From the Troy Observer, April 22.**

EX-SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING, lawyer, statesman and patriot, died in New York city on Tuesday morning. One of the most brilliant men of the nineteenth century has joined the silent majority. Senator CONKLING was a man of remarkable attainments. He was an able parliamentarian, strong in argument, brilliant in repartee and scathing in sarcasm. None was stronger in his friendships and any compact that he made he always fulfilled to the letter. Both in public and private life his integrity was never questioned. He was absolutely incorruptible, and the luster of his manly honesty stands out all the brighter when his surroundings are considered. At the time that Mr. CONKLING was at the zenith of his power as the friend and adviser of Grant, shameless villainy pervaded the higher official circles in Washington, but CONKLING was never smirched. All his acts were clean. He was a wise political leader, but he did not resort to trickery. He despised anything that was not manly and honorable. Adversaries feared him and when he opposed them everything he did was open and above board. Mr. CONKLING made a reputation that will endure for all time; nothing can sully it. Sad it is to realize that there are not more men of his type. The world would be a good deal better if it had more like him.

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**From the Troy Telegram, April 19.**

On the splendor of his intellect, his marvelous attainments, his high, unimpeachable, spotless character, there is no occasion at this time to dwell. History will accord him a place among the greatest and the best of Americans. His fame is secure; the detraction of petty persecutors no longer occupies public attention; his worth, his greatness, his patriotism are known to all men, and future generations will marvel that a man of such great ability and high purpose should have been treated as he was by the party he so often took to brilliant victory He will be remembered by generations to come when those who so relentlessly pursued him have long mouldered in forgotten graves.

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**From the Poughkeepsie Evening Enterprise, April 18.**

The death of ROSCOE CONKLING closes one of the most conspicuous of American lives, and the sad event will carry sorrow to the entire American people. The story of his life, his sickness and his death, is one of those stories that are perfectly familiar to the people. He will be remembered as a man of great ability and unsullied character. In all his public career he was a conspicuous leader in his party, his eloquence always forcing him to the front in every emergency that came to the Republican party. If there was any blemish in his political life it was found in his adherence to the spoils system; and it was this that caused his political downfall, and that had caused many, even among his ardent admirers, to consider him indirectly responsible for the sad events following his resignation as

United States Senator. But even with his desire to control the vast patronage that he considered as belonging to him as the leader of his party in the State, no suspicion of corruption was ever whispered against him, and he always commanded the respect and confidence of the people.

His was a life that honored himself and his country, and ROSCOE CONKLING's name will always be classed with those of the greatest men that the country has ever produced.

**From the New York Herald, April 18.**

The death of ROSCOE CONKLING is not an incident but an event. Truly the fates are stern and grudge the republic her noblest sons. Grant, Garfield, Tilden, O'Conor, Logan, Manning, Washburne, Phillips, Emerson, Beecher, Waite—so many we fondly grieve to spare—and how many more, dear to us for their wisdom and valor, their piety, wit and learning—men with so much to do, as it seemed to our mere human eyes. But their work was done. For them no more was appointed. We turn from their new made graves to mourn another in Mr. CONKLING, to be remembered with the most eminent of them all.

As a political influence rather than as a political leader Mr. CONKLING will be honored. He was not born to lead a modern Democracy. He was Coriolanus rather than Rienzi—a master, not a tribune. The arts of modern leadership—tact, compromise, recognition of the limitations and weakness of devoted friendship—were unknown to his haughty spirit. He rather led the leaders of men—the centurions, the captains of the fifties—who were attracted by the force of his character and followed him from admiration of his picturesque and splendid genius.

The intense honesty of Mr. CONKLING became often intolerance. There was no bending that intrepid will. His devotion to a principle or a friendship was that of Loyola and not of Talleyrand. His controversies made history. His quarrel with Washburne kept that gentleman out of the Presidency. His feud with Blaine prevented his own nomination in 1876, and defeated Blaine in 1884. His difference with Hayes was uncompromising. His separation from Garfield was cyclonic in its fierceness and its consequences, and he parted from Arthur at the cost of valued and precious friendships. Nor will history say that in these controversies Mr. CONKLING was right and his opponents wrong. They were eminent, patriotic men; pure in motive and quite as apt to be sincere as himself. But there was no compromise in the nature of ROSCOE CONKLING. His friends were his friends, his enemies were his enemies. Aiming ever at the highest ideal of chivalry, whatever failed to reach that ideal was unworthy of his esteem.

Mr. CONKLING did not die too soon for his fame, but too soon for recognition. Americans had grown to be intensely proud of this superb, high-principled, supremely gifted statesman; to look upon him as a model leader, eminent in experience, probity, eloquence. His very faults were looked at as an extreme expression of virtues so little seen among public men. In a time of surrender, incapacity, mendacity, mud, compromise

and shame, the Republican party was turning toward the one man who was too proud to bend to an ignoble suggestion. Republicans, recalling the best days of their ascendancy, weary of government by mobs of drunken adventurers, who called themselves conventions and bought and sold nominations, were thinking of one who never paltered with the truth for power. Mr. CONKLING, when he died, was becoming to his party what Mr. Cleveland is to the Democracy. Greater than his party, above it in aspirations and in moral tone; cast down from his old leadership in some mood of momentary baseness, time was swiftly bringing recognition and vindication. He had only to wait until the party returned to him—returned, bearing honors which he had won by his genius and lost by his integrity.

This was not to be. He was to die—if true leaders of public opinion like CONKLING ever die. The palpable man whom we saw but yesterday, with commanding mien—stern, deep-set eyes, the brows Olympian, the over-whitened hair, the ruddy face eternal in youth and expression, vigor, genius, grace; personal beauty personified, the orator, scholar, the implacable opponent and tumultuous man of affairs, has gone, but the impalpable spirit remains. We have lost the most agressive leader in American politics since Clay and Webster died, thirty-six years ago. But he is not dead. His life remains an incentive, an example—let us say an admonition. For it may be well to remember as an admonition that in any public career pride, intolerance and the Swift-like gift of withering invective may retard or prevent opportunities of lustrous service to the commonwealth. But even so, generations will come and go before the example of this extraordinary man, his eloquence and learning, his undaunted devotion to truth, his purity and courage, his uncompromising patriotism, his scorn of cant and deception, will be forgotten. A masterful, imperial soul has passed away leaving a name which Americans will not soon let die.

**From the New York Sun, April 19.**

The most picturesque, striking and original figure of American politics disappears in the death of ROSCOE CONKLING. Alike powerful and graceful in person, he towered above the masses of men in the elasticity of his talents and the peculiarities and resources of his mental constitution as much as he did in form and bearing. Yet his career can not be called a great success, and he was not a great man. He was an object of love and admiration to an extraordinary circle of friends, including not alone those who shared his opinions, but many who were utterly opposed to them. He was by nature a zealous partisan, and it was his inclination to doubt the good sense and the disinterestedness of those who were on the other side; but, nevertheless, the strongest instinct of his nature was friendship, and his attachments stood the test of every trial except such as trenched upon his own personality. This he guarded with the swift jealousy of most intense selfhood, and no one could in any way impinge upon it and remain his friend. Then, his resentments were more lasting and more unchangeable than his friendships. This, in our judgment, was

the great weakness of the man. Who can say that in his inmost heart CONKLING did not deplore it! At any rate, the candid observer who sums up his history must deplore it for him, and "the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

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**From the New York World, April 18.**

The imperious spirit that nothing save death could bend is at last laid low. ROSCOE CONKLING is no more. The dead statesman and lawyer was a natural leader among men. Brilliant in intellect, dominating in will, intense in his convictions, eloquent in speech, the soul of honor, a generous friend, an open foe, nature ordained him to serve at the front in whatever sphere of action he was placed. ROSCOE CONKLING will be honored and remembered for two traits in his character—his intellectual independence and his inherent integrity. More conspicuously than almost any other politician of his time, he was free from any taint of demagogy or any form of dishonesty or insincerity. He had not only the courage of his convictions, but, that rarer quality among public men, the courage of his contempt. He hated hypocrisy, he despised duplicity, he scorned baseness and did not fear to show it. He would not stoop even to conquer. In his death law, politics and oratory lose one of their most brilliant chiefs, and New York State her most gifted and remarkable child of genius. He was the proudest, ablest and most intrepid man the State ever produced, and he will live in the history of both State and nation.

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**From the New York Star, April 19.**

Physically, as well as intellectually, ROSCOE CONKLING was a remarkable man. An American abroad, asked by a foreign friend to describe him, said of him as a celebrated Englishman once did of Tennyson, "Agamemnon, king of men;" and there was that about the bearing, as well as the stature and features of CONKLING, that seemed to mark him as one born to lead many in large undertakings. It has been imputed to him by his opponents that he failed not to realize this natural distinction, and utilized it to impress his friends and overawe his enemies; but the same might be said with equal truth of Charles Sumner and, indeed, of the majority of great Americans, not excepting the Father of his Country.

Reflection on ROSCOE CONKLING'S career leads to the conclusion that, conspicuous as were his public performances in the arena of statesmanship, he exercised yet greater influence in ways that are not apparent through the pages of the *Congressional Record* or the newspapers of the day. It was as the adviser and inspirer of national administrations—the mentor often unheeded, but always ready with frank advice—that he had the greatest effect upon the fortunes of the country. During the two administrations of Grant his voice was specially potential, and few knew

how uniformly it was raised in favor of conservative and moderate methods and against the concessions to cabals that brought discredit on the surroundings of the executive mansion.

Loyalty in friendship and partisanship was a dominant trait in CONKLING's character. What he freely gave he relied on receiving; and, counting on his friends as they did on him, nothing wounded him so deeply as the revelation that such relations of interdependence had weakened. It was no doubt mainly through misconception and meddling that an impression of this sort grew up respecting his footing with President Arthur. But it is certain that the misunderstanding was never wholly effaced.

It was partisanship enforced by companionship that lost to CONKLING the greatest opportunity of his life—such a one as has seldom come to any American. It is beyond dispute that he was ready to declare for Tilden, and went to the Senate prepared to prove his case and make the speech that would surely have been followed by the installation of the elected President. But party friends dissuaded him at the last moment, convincing him that the ends of justice might be reached by the submission of the dispute to an impartial tribunal. It was the knowledge of CONKLING'S intended speech that delayed the declaration of the conclusion of Democratic leaders respecting the scheme for the electoral commission.

As a Senator, there was a side of CONKLING'S work little observed by the press or the general public, but which drew to him many friends. No one was more unremittingly devoted to constituents, more exact in the performance of those kindly offices that fall in greatest number on those most influential, and no one gave more time to the aid, comfort and entertainment of New Yorkers who sought him personally in Washington. Governor Fenton, a master in the arts of conciliation, was inferior to his colleague in popularity with citizens of their common State; and it was out of zeal in behalf of a friend to whom Fenton refused expected aid, that there came the open breach between them that involved such grave consequences in the politics of New York.

Mr. CONKLING'S latter years, spent in private life in the arduous and brilliant practice of his profession, were the crown and glory of his life. The resolution that enabled him, advanced in life and with wrecked fortunes, to begin a new career involving intense application, under great disadvantages compared with rivals whose practice had been uninterupted, and to achieve a most distinguished success, revealed the indomitable nature of the magnificent man. Of him in the years of his prime as a politician, as a statesman, as a friend, many will think with respect and esteem. But ROSCOE CONKLING, rising superior to ruin, seizing almost at a bound the highest prizes of a difficult and exacting profession, paying on a point of honor a great debt of another for which he was holden by no legal obligation, and only in so scrupulous a mind as his by any moral one—that grand and dutiful figure commands the admiration of all true hearts.

**From the New York Times, April 20.**

The numerous expressions of sorrow over the death of Mr. CONKLING, and the messages of sympathy that have been sent to his family by various public bodies show how large a place he filled, even since his retirement, in the minds of men active in politics. It is evident that from his labors, his achievements, and his failures in the unelective but clearly designated office of a party leader, Mr. CONKLING will be most distinctly remembered, as he was most faithfully followed and most bitterly opposed. From a time shortly after the close of the war, during both terms of General Grant's presidency, he seized and wielded a power that has never been surpassed, and has hardly been equaled even by that of the politician who led the Republicans to their first signal defeat. Considering the weighty and exciting nature of the issues of that time, the volume and momentum of party feeling, the rapid progress of great events, the unprecedented development of the national forces, Mr. CONKLING's position was one of great distinction and of great influence. For some twelve years his was the deciding voice in party affairs, and in more than one grave crisis, since his party was in unquestioned and apparently impregnable supremacy, his voice was decisive also in national affairs. To have gained such a position, to have wielded its powers with so firm and masterful a hand, to have controlled elements so complex, often so conflicting, and not seldom dangerous, was evidence of very rare, though not necessarily of the highest gifts of nature, and of training and self-direction of extremely uncommon kind, and still more uncommon degree. No one who in these years had to deal with Mr. CONKLING either as coadjutor, follower, or opponent could fail to recognize his extraordinary energy, the originality and individual force of his character, the penetration (within its limits) of his judgment of men, and the solidity of a mind that to remoter observers had a brilliancy suggesting want of depth. He was essentially in party politics a great commander, with some of the qualities of a great soldier, and some more unusual even than these.

There is to be noted in the tributes to Mr. CONKLING a tendency to ignore services of quite a different order from the merely political, which he rendered in the earlier part of his career, and which, though few who admired him most and will most regret his death as they did his forced withdrawal from public life will now recall, were nevertheless of real value. When Mr. CONKLING was in the House of Representatives, and relatively a young man, he contributed substantially to the formulating of the policy of the Republican party as to the then overwhelming difficulty of slavery in a manner that made that party the victorious champion of liberty without breaking with the Constitution; with, on the contrary, the best and most efficient loyalty to the Constitution. That was simply a priceless benefit for the nation, and no one whose hand was potent in securing it should be denied the meed of respect and gratitude. Again, when the question of finance first became a burning one, and men's minds were half crazed with the urgency of the nation's necessities, and blindly impatient with all but the apparently directest methods of satisfying them, Mr. CONKLING saw clearly and firmly, and vigorously upheld the duty and the wisdom of sound and honest finance. He and those who labored with him did not succeed in holding the government to the hard

and upright path of payments in real money, but they deserve to be remembered for their manly effort. And Mr. CONKLING in the trying and confused times that followed, never yielded to the temptation of compromise on the financial issue. Some of the finest, though not the best-remembered, pages of the record of his speeches fairly flame with the indignant and scornful eloquence with which he pursued and denounced the fallacies of the inflation theorists and politicians.

But, after all, it was not to these services that Mr. CONKLING owed the most of his fame or of his power. It was to his achievements as a party leader, and these it must be acknowledged, were not on a high level. Doubtless he wielded much influence by his remarkable oratory, which, though not of a sort that will live in the history of the parliamentary bodies of which he was a member, and generally the first member, was very effective in controlling the minds of men, both in debate and on the platform. But his chief source of power was his acute judgment of men of a certain grade, his skill in playing upon their greed, their ambition, their partisan feeling, not infrequently their corrupt desires. When he was the greatest as a leader, his party was hardly the means to an end; its success was an end in itself, and he was untiring, powerful, skillful, and unscrupulous in the pursuit of success. The chief basis of his management — not the sole basis, but indispensable — was the spoils of office. He looked on the civil service as the staff of the party; its appointments and emoluments, not always legitimate, he used to reward and secure partisan and personal fidelity and work. He had not the slightest temptation to enrich himself, and he put aside the highest honors apparently without a pang of regret; but he did not hesitate to use cupidity and the love of place in others or to exact returns from those he gratified that he would have scorned to yield to any one. He despised hypocrisy, and he was ready to believe that devotion to moral purposes that he did not himself entertain was necessarily hypocritical. He had little sympathy with the nobler ideals of public life, and still less with those who pursued them. Though he held his own honor and integrity as priceless, he was wont to think that all other men had their price, and resistance to his plans or policy seemed to him only their way of extorting that price or trying to avenge themselves for their failure to obtain it. In his career in public life, and especially in the later and most brilliant and influential period of his career, he was worse than indifferent to the growing evils that surrounded him. He not only made no effort to reform them — he opposed their reform, and did more than any one man to sustain, perpetuate, and extend them.

Perhaps a fairly just estimate of Mr. CONKLING's public character is that it was that of an aristocratic leader in a democratic political society. He had the virtues of his defects — a haughty self-respect, delight in the best in conduct and belongings that concerned his own personality, the gift of command and contempt for any of the sordid or petty rewards of command, and a proud fidelity to his own self-imposed obligations and chivalric devotion to any cause or any person that he had honored with his affection; but he had slight sympathy with the better sentiment of the great body of his countrymen, slight regard for their higher interests, and scarcely any conception of the mighty moral forces working slowly yet invincibly for their development toward a nobler type of citizenship.

**From the New York Tribune, April 18.**

After a long and gallant struggle which has commanded the full-hearted sympathy of all, ROSCOE CONKLING has passed away. A born fighter, he brought to the supreme contest preceding the inevitable hour the strength of will and of endurance which were of the essence of his robust personality. His countrymen, reading the daily bulletins from his sick chamber, have fervently hoped that the strong man would come off conqueror; that he would be restored to health and usefulness and his honored place in the community. In the old days when he was so interesting and potent a factor in our public life he made, as ultra men are sure to do, a good many stout opponents. And nevertheless such was the universal recognition of his essential manliness and probity that he went out of life leaving only mourning friends behind him.

"I do not know how to belong to a party a little," remarked ROSCOE CONKLING on a notable occasion. His friends—and few men inspired more devoted ones—declared that the words were singularly accurate, that they furnished the keynote to his masterful character, and explained whatever of success he achieved as a public man and a party leader. His critics, on the other hand, argued that he understood perfectly how to belong to a party a little when the party policy was not his own policy. There will be no disposition in any quarter to revive the discussion. The grief occasioned by the sudden death of so prominent and forceful a figure is deep and sincere. His fellow-countrymen, whatever the sharp differences of the past, turn with something very like affectionate remembrance to the contemplation of the qualities that ennobled him and to his many good and faithful services. ROSCOE CONKLING possessed abilities of the first order. He was a born leader of men. He left in our politics many demonstrations of his power. It was said of Herbert Spencer that his "personal equation" was very large. The words fit Mr. CONKLING perfectly. When Charles Sumner was asked to consider the other side of the slavery question he burst out, "Sir, there isn't any other side." Mr. CONKLING had the same inability to put himself in the place of those who failed to see eye to eye with himself.

Mr. CONKLING's public career covered a momentous period in our history—the war and reconstruction era. He bore his part well in the great work of shaping legislation which supplemented the heroic achievements of the Union soldiers. He was on the side of emancipation, of unsullied national credit, of suffrage for the black man, of reconstruction in the interest of patriotism, of a pure and well-guarded ballot-box. It is these things, coupled with personal integrity and a certain chivalric constaney in his friendships that are remembered to his praise, and make the State proud of having him on the roll of her sons. There were other things—but the spirit of factionalism no longer animates the Republican party, and out of its unity it forgets that there ever was division. Peace to his ashes! A great Republican has fallen, a man among men has passed on.

**From the Brooklyn Standard-Union, April 19.**

The death of ROSCOE CONKLING leaves a void in the community of which he formed a distinguished unit, rather than in the party to the building up of which so much of his life was given; for when he voluntarily retired from politics during Garfield's administration, he ceased to be a factor therein, and devoted his great talents to the acquisition of a competency for his family. In this pursuit, he was probably aided by the reputation he had won as a leader in that great party which never confounds leadership with bossism, but was stricken down in the very pride of his strength and on the pathway to a success such as few men are able to achieve. That much can be seen from what is generally known, and it will give rise to the feeling which animates the breast of him who finds a strong tree riven by the blast, or laid low by the lightning. One thinks instinctively of the work that was apparently still before a man of CONKLING'S talents and imperious will, and the sympathy that rises on such an occasion goes out to the widow and family who, however well provided, must feel themselves left destitute by the loss of the one on whom they were accustomed to lean.

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**From the Brooklyn Times, April 18.**

ROSCOE CONKLING is dead. After a heroic struggle that won for him the sympathy of the whole people, the iron frame that confined the spirit of the great Senator has broken down and the place that has known him will know him no more forever.

In many respects ROSCOE CONKLING was a great man, one of the greatest that the Empire State has produced. He was not a great statesman: he was a great politician, a born leader of men. Profound knowledge of the drifts and tendencies of social growth and development, clear discernment of the history of the past, keen insight into the hidden currents of the present, wise prescience of the future — these, with strong convictions and unfaltering courage, are what make a statesman and these Mr. Conkling lacked. But as a party leader he had no superior. He had the gift of choosing able lieutenants and he was able to infuse among his followers an intensity of personal devotion that bound them to him through good report and evil report, And, through all the long campaigns and hot encounters in which he fought he bore himself so proudly and so bravely as to win and hold the respect even of those who were his bitterest enemies in the political arena.

Of ROSCOE CONKLING it may be said that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." The hot, imperious temper, the exaggerated egotism that were the fatal defects of his character were but the extreme developments of the impulsive daring that led him to the front in every fight and of the lofty self-respect that kept his name and his honor unsullied in a path beset by temptations. In this latter respect Mr. CONKLING has not always received, even from his warmest admirers and eulogists, the full meed of credit he deserved. The position which he assumed early during the first term of President Grant, as the special champion and representative of the administration in the Senate, and the supreme disposer of patronage

for the State of New York, necessarily attracted to him all the mercenary elements in State politics, all the politicians who were in politics "for what they could make." These did not, indeed, make up the bulk of Mr. CONKLING's personal following, for a large majority of those who came to be known as the Stalwart faction were men as honest, as pure and as loyal as could be found in the ranks of the party, but it is indisputable that among Mr. CONKLING's henchmen and supporters during his time of power there was a large preponderance of this class and the fact that he kept his own name untainted by suspicion amid such associations must be recorded to his eternal credit. Had he been less proud, less compromising in his assertion of his personal dignity, this could hardly have been possible.

ROSCOE CONKLING has been out of politics, absolutely, for nearly seven years, and his death will make no ripple on the political current. But he will be mourned as sincerely by those who stood against him since the days when he and Fenton fought for supremacy in New York as by those who were his most strenuous supporters.

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**From the Rome Sentinel, April 18.**

The death of ROSCOE CONKLING must be regarded as a national calamity. Although for some years retired from the arena of active politics, he was yet in the prime of vigorous manhood, and it is undoubtedly a fact that the rank and file of his friends and admirers confidently believed that they would one day see him again in public life to round out a political career of unsurpassed brilliance, cut short for the time, it was believed, by unfortunate dissensions in the Republican party. A large section of the Republican party in this State still regarded him as its leader. He towered head and shoulders above most of the men of his own party who fought him, and who in the end, through a rare combination of circumstances, compassed his political ruin. At the close of a political career in many respects unparalleled in the history of our country, during which he held in his grasp power such as seldom falls to Americans, he retired to private life with his skirts undefiled by the slightest scandal, and with an empty purse. For these virtues he was admired by those whose political opinions differed widely from his own.

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**From the Utica Observer, April 18.**

The dearest friends of ROSCOE CONKLING wished that he could live, if it were only to learn what the world thought of him. They did not desire to have him continue to suffer inexpressible physical agony, when once it was determined that his strong constitution was surely breaking down under the tremendous pressure of an insidious disease. It was the will of Providence that CONKLING should die, and die before he ascertained how much the people loved and admired him. If he could have known what

a keen and compassionate interest was felt in every day, hour and minute of his suffering, it might have lightened the last moments of his life.

Oneida county loved ROSCOE CONKLING even when it most seemed to hate him. There was a time when his towering individuality overshadowed every other personality within this good shire, except that of his brother-in-law, Horatio Seymour, and when he appeared to dominate the county, to hold it within the palm of his hand, to toss recklessly aside men who combated his purposes or opposed his methods — when, in fine, CONKLING'S will was law in the Republican party in this vicinity. That was years ago. We all lived to see, and he lived to see, a new era when the Republican Lilliputians triumphed over this proud and great citizen, and by massing against him forced him into private life. But the period never arrived when Oneida county was not his in heart and sympathy, or when its people did not hear the mention of his name with pride and reverence.

It may be said, in passing, that, while CONKLING was one of the fiercest and most unsparing assailants of the Democratic party, many of his most profound admirers were Oneida county Democrats. Throughout all the days of his political life, CONKLING displayed in his campaigns a marvelous gift of satire and irony, backed by genuine eloquence and the power to arouse the emotions of an audience. These he directed against the Democracy without mercy or fear. As a Republican campaign orator, he was the most dangerous man of his time so far as the Democratic party was concerned. Yet it is a wonderful and significant tribute to the peculiar quality of his personal and intellectual strength that the very party voters whom he unsparingly condemned, through the agency of their political devotion, grew to be his most sincere admirers and his warmest defenders. It has often been a remark in this neighborhood that if the votes of the Democrats of Utica could make CONKLING President, he would have attained that distinction. It has likewise been an expressed opinion hereabouts that many Republicans would vote against him, notwithstanding local pride would influence them in his favor. Why it was that so many Democrats respected and so many Republicans detested him is a question difficult to answer. It suggests that his career was so stormy and so uncompromising in the self-assertiveness of the man who pursued it that he must have won sympathy from without his party lines while arousing jealousy, sullen disobedience and shameful ingratitude within.

We have hinted at the mingled sentiments which the men of Oneida county entertained towards ROSCOE CONKLING. Going into the larger, the illimitable field of national politics, we see him still making enemies in his own party and gaining devoted friends in the ranks of the opposition. While still a young man, Blaine, who was of about the same age, subjected him to an assault in the House of Representatives which was memorable for its cutting sarcasm, and which, while it created the embryo of Blaine's personal following, also sowed the seeds of a dislike which afterwards led to Blaine's political ruin. These two men never could agree. Blaine was sufficiently intellectual to be not afraid to cross swords with CONKLING, and CONKLING was sufficiently penetrative and self-respecing to read Blaine through and through and to refuse to have anything to do with the man from Maine. There could be no truce,

and there had to be war. The quarrel between this intellectual pair may not have, in itself, effected the defeat of the Republican party, but it certainly stirred up sentiments, and emotions that eventually enervated Republicanism, and cleared the road for the return of the Democratic party to power. Later on, the breach between the factions widened, when Governor Fenton went to the Senate and saw his young colleague, by dint of superior integrity and straightforwardness, obtain the recognition and confidence of General Grant. An impression has prevailed that CONKLING's influence with Grant was of his own deliberate seeking, but the contrary is true. General Grant admired CONKLING for sterling qualities that the young Senator possessed and manifested during a time when duplicity, dishonesty and cheap cunning were the rule and not the exception in public life. Throughout the eight years of Grant's administration CONKLING never ceased to be his confidante and adviser. On his side, Senator CONKLING was attracted to the sublimely simple and rugged character of Grant.

There came a time, however, when the political influence of CONKLING reached its ebb, not through any fault of his own, but through the increased strength of his enemies. We believe that from the first CONKLING despised the hypocrite and arch-fraud, Rutherford B. Hayes. We believe that CONKLING always regarded Tilden as the rightful claimant to the presidential chair, and that nothing but his intense loyalty to the Republican party deterred him from saying so. At any rate, he used his power in the Senate to show up the cant and Pharisaism of the Hayes administration, and he succeeded in his object. When he attacked George William Curtis in the Rochester convention in the fall of 1877, he was employing a convenient target wherewith to prove the steadiness of his aim and the inflexibility of his purpose, the issue being raised between him and the Hayes administration. To show how dreadful was CONKLING's factional antagonism, we need only recall the fact that Hayes was rejected by his party with almost complete unanimity at the end of his first term.

Elsewhere we tell the story of ROSCOE CONKLING's life and labor. To estimate his character with reasonable accuracy is a far more difficult task. The sweeping eloquence, the unbending rectitude, the political courage, the immense self-reliance — all these are the measure of a man of whose memory Oneida county will not cease to be justly proud. This community has supplied some heroic figures to the country, but none of them stands out in more majestic and imposing relief than that of ROSCOE CONKLING. With the impetuosity and conspicuous gallantry of a Marshal Ney did he flash his trusty sword in the political contests of a generation. As political opponents, we can testify to the strength and directness of his blows, and to the straightforwardness of his methods. He was incapable of stooping to a disgraceful political performance. He preserved his honor unblemished throughout the fierce temptations of a long Congressional career, winning applause from friends and foes alike, by his high-minded scorn of the corrupt and crooked tactics and selfishness of many of his contemporaries. Of CONKLING it may be truly said that in political life he was *sans peur et sans reproche*.

The circumstances of his death are unutterably sad. Nature had lavished her gifts upon him, and he seemed to have been granted a long pro-

tracted lease of life. The storm of politics had passed over his head, and the sun of contentment, and well-earned private prosperity was shining serenely upon him. To a friend, he said the other day: "I am a happy man. Some may not believe me, but I know you will, when I say that I have at last secured peace and happiness." Alas, how soon, and with what cruel processes was the period of his earthly joy to be curtailed! What characteristic persistence and resolution he wrestled with death, and he only succumbed when his frame had been wasted, his spirit broken, and his strength fatally sapped. If anything were needed to fill the minds of our people with intense sorrow over his loss, it is found in the pitiful manner of his taking off.

It is almost impossible to realize that this strong, proud and brilliant personality must soon rest within the peaceful retreats of Forest Hill Cemetery; that the man who last left us in the full vigor of self-conscious strength is returned to us wasted, shattered, lifeless; that the manly stride will never again be seen upon the streets of the city that he loved; that his sonorous voice will nevermore stir on to the charge a legion of his party followers. We can not express in fitting words the degree of sorrow this reflection must occasion. Utica will fondly cherish and guard the grave of its beloved son. "After life's fitful fever," may he sleep well within the sacred precincts of God's-acre. History will preserve his name, but in this community, his fellow-townsmen will never cease to consider it as its special possession, and will transfer it with grateful pride to posterity.

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**From the Utica Morning Herald, April 18.**

The country of all factions and all parties will hear with the keenest regret that ROSCOE CONKLING is dead. His illness began on March 12, from exposure to the severe storm, in going from his office in Wall street to his residence.

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His career and character have been the theme of bitter controversy. Over his open grave, those who stood most squarely opposed to him, will remember the obligations of magnanimity, will exercise the privileges of humanity, and, first of all, will pay due tribute to a leader of men, who impressed himself for years upon the politics of the republic.

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Utica and central New York took a large degree of pride in Senator CONKLING. In spite of partisan and factional warfare, his distinction was regarded as a possession in which the community had a share. So it was that when in the summer of 1877, his health led him to seek recovery abroad, on his return, August 17, a public reception was accorded to him by the citizens generally. A committee met him on the train which was bearing him homeward, and a procession of military and civic organizations formed an escort through the streets to his residence, while decorations were displayed from residences and business places. The address of welcome was pronounced by Senator Kernan, professionally and politically the frequent rival of the guest, and he speaking for neighbors and

friends of all parties, testified their respect and regard, and bade him welcome home. The response of Senator CONKLING was felicitous and graceful.

Senator CONKLING was always a busy man, and he gave nights as well as days to his labors. But he enjoyed the society of his friends, and especially while Senator in Washington, his dinners were frequent and his hospitality lavish. He appeared well as a host, and he was a favorite guest wherever men congregated. Often these social occasions were semi-political conferences. Whether they were so or not, Mr. CONKLING's brilliant conversation, his unrestrained humor, and his rich fund of anecdote, were invited and enjoyed. He preferred such events, to the miscellaneous and crowded receptions of the congressional season. When talk was free, the acquaintance of Mr. CONKLING with rare old English authors found expression, and he showed how a *raconteur* in private, may be an orator in public.

His verbal memory was phenomenal. He could recite long poems and passages from the writers in which he delighted, and he recalled readily incidents or narrations in the career of eminent personages within his acquaintance, or those once heard or read.

Those with whom he came in conflict, in debate in the Senate, were often his intimates in social life, and among his warmest friends everywhere, were Democrats of the most pronounced stripe.

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When Senator CONKLING visited Utica, his loyal friends assembled at his residence, July 11, 1882, in large numbers, and gave him a serenade. F. G. Fincke delivered an address expressing the confidence, the regard and affection of neighbors and townsfolk, and in the course of his response, Senator CONKLING said:

"Twenty-two years ago Oneida county trusted to me the honor of representing her in the councils of the nation. For years afterwards some humble part fell to me in public and political affairs. In any of these years had this visit been paid, had it been explained in words so eloquent and so cordial as those we have heard, still it would have signified but little, personally. It would have been rather the expression of political or party sentiment. Now you come with greeting to one wholly unconnected with public or official transactions. You come with a warm welcome to a private citizen, having no claim on your regard, except his warm and abiding attachment to your interests and your homes, except his attachment to our beautiful city and to the neighbors and friends to whom for long, long years he has owed so much. Under these circumstances you will let me believe without other thought, that your presence here means the personal kindness of valued neighbors and valued friends. It could mean nothing which would be prized so much; nothing which could be held in memory so long and so pleasantly."

On retiring from the Senate, Mr. CONKLING at once devoted himself to legal practice in New York city, where he was promptly retained in many of the most important cases, and where it is reported his fees were in the aggregate among the largest known to the profession there, while his position was with the leaders of the bar. As a professional matter he was counsel for the committee of the State Senate which investigated the

Broadway surface railroad, and led to the repeal of the charter of that corporation and to the trial of Jacob Sharp.

This is not an occasion on which it is fitting to discuss the merits of controversies which beyond question threw the national administration into the hands of the Democrats, and cost the Republicans of this State years of disaster and exclusion from power. The simple record is enough to afford the measure of Mr. CONKLING's control and mastery, as well as his indomitable will and tremendous personality. With the election of his successor his active participation in politics ceased, for although Mr. Arthur, who acceded to the presidency on the death of President Garfield, had always been his ally and friend, the ex-Senator held aloof from his administration, and through friends opposed his nomination for the succession in 1884.

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Whatever rivalries, whatever antagonisms, whatever differences may have existed during his lifetime, make truce over the grave of one of the most notable figures in American politics, a lawyer who refused to be Chief Justice, an orator who challenged comparison only with the most distinguished, a leader who impressed himself on his party which gave him all its honors except the highest, and for that his friends pressed him vigorously, and whose departure from public life will remain as a striking political drama.

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**From the Syracuse Herald, April 18.**

ROSCOE CONKLING was a man who has left behind him an honest record. He was not to be counted among the foremost statesmen of America. He was by nature a leader, and he asserted and maintained his position of leadership among the Republicans of this State during the years of his active participation in politics. In Congress he was not an originator of great measures, and left no marked impression upon the legislation of his country; but he was keenly alive to the issues of the day, and controlled the destinies of his party in a marked degree. He was merciless in the exercise of his great power of sarcasm, yet he was an honest and straightforward opponent. He never condescended to indirect methods to accomplish his ends. His resignation from the Federal Senate in 1881, was a fearless act, and he took the step regardless of the consequences. His personal following in politics was large and devoted. He remembered his friends, and openly fought his enemies. Perhaps the most complete success of Mr. CONKLING's life followed his retirement from politics. He then resumed the practice of the law, and in New York city almost at once assumed a rank among the most distinguished members of the bar. In the law he manifested the same qualities that distinguished his political career. His keen intelligence, self-possession in emergencies and fearlessness in asserting the rights of his clients made him a lawyer whose services were almost invaluable.

Deep regret and sorrow have followed the announcement that this gifted and honest man has been taken from life when at the zenith of his powers.

**From the Rochester Post-Express, April 18.**

Among the Rochesterians who had a personal acquaintance with ROSCOE CONKLING none knew him better perhaps, both in his private and public career, than did ex-Congressman John Van Voorhis. Mr. Van Voorhis gave the following reminiscences of the statesman to a *Post-Express* reporter this morning: "I first met Mr. CONKLING when he was in the House of Representatives. It was almost at the beginning of his public career. At that time he was a great friend of Thad. Stevens. The latter, Mr. CONKLING and Mr. Blaine were in Congress together and were the three leading figures in the house. I heard CONKLING frequently in debate when I happened to be in Washington during the thirty-sixth, thirty-seventh and thirty-ninth Congresses, and heard him subsequently many times in the Senate. In fact I was present during some of his greatest efforts in that body. As an orator his power was supreme. I heard him frequently argue causes in the United States Supreme Court, and no lawyer within the range of my acquaintance ever argued cases in that court with more thoroughness and success or commanded to a greater degree the attention and respect of the judges. He was very bold in his speeches and had wonderful tact in sentence making. I remember hearing him argue a case in which a Jew from Alabama was plaintiff and Alexander T. Stewart, of New York, was defendant. The Jew had gone from New York to Alabama and Stewart had attempted to collect a debt from him in the latter State. Stewart failed in this and the Jew sued him for malicious prosecution and obtained a verdict of $20,000 in the Alabama courts. The verdict showed on its face great prejudice against Stewart on the part of the Alabama judges. After a very able and eloquent argument, CONKLING closed by asking the court to reverse this agrarian verdict against this Merchant of Venice in favor of a Wandering Jew! I heard CONKLING in the Republican convention of 1871, when the chief question was whether the scheme for the reorganization of the Republican party of the State of New York, which had been proposed by a committee appointed at a previous State convention, should be adopted. There was much discussion; the friends of Grant on the one side favoring reorganization, the opponents of Grant on the other side opposing the reorganization as it was supposed to be in his interest. CONKLING sat still and mute in the convention until, at the end of a long debate, General Woodford, chairman of the convention, was about to put the question. Mr. CONKLING then sprang to his feet with the words, 'Not yet the question, Mr. President.' He then made an argument of ten or fifteen minutes in length in favor of adopting the reorganization plan, in the course of which he said: 'Does any man in this convention deny the influence of William M. Tweed over the present Republican organization in the city of New York? If any man here has the boldness to deny it, I pause to give him an opportunity to make such a denial.' Almost immediately the words, 'I deny it,' came from a dozen throats in a dozen different parts of the room. It seemed for the moment as if CONKLING was beaten, but he had only laid a trap for his opponents, and he replied: 'Gentlemen, I thank you for your denial. It is the very logic of your position. You are compelled to deny it, but when you deny it the whole State of New York knows that you deny that which is true.' At the close of Mr. CONKLING's speech there was no doubt

as to what the vote of the convention would be, although before it the opponents of Grant seemed largely to predominate."

"I had a conversation once," continued Mr. Van Voorhis, "with General Simon Cameron, who told me that he had heard Webster and Clay many times in the Senate of the United States, and that neither of them equaled CONKLING as a forensic orator; that while Clay and Webster lived in the days of slow coaches and slow mails and had abundant time to revise their speeches before they reached the press and the people, Mr. CONKLING's speeches were reported by telegraph without opportunity for revision, and he added that Mr. CONKLING's speeches in ordinary debate, upon questions in which he could not have made preparation, were models of classic eloquence.

"I met Mr. CONKLING personally many times," continued Mr. VanVoorhis, "and always found him to be very easy to approach, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. When he was not particularly busy, he was a very agreeable conversationalist. During the campaign of 1884 Mr. CONKLING came to Rochester to speak at the great meeting held in the pavilion a little off of Main street. He was expected to arrive on the morning of the meeting, and great preparations were made by the clubs to receive him. CONKLING eluded the brass bands, the procession, etc., by slipping into the Osborn house with his carpet bag the night before. General Wood, of Geneseo, and myself happened to be present and walked up with him to supper. The supper, so far as CONKLING was concerned, consisted of a bowl of bread and milk, but we remained at the table a full hour listening to his conversation. After a time the talk turned upon literary subjects. In reply to a remark with reference to a quotation used by him, and its authorship, he said that it was difficult to tell who wrote anything; that Webster's famous sentence beginning 'That power whose morning drum beat,' did not originate with Webster, but had been written 100 years before Webster was born by two men not contemporary with each other. The conversation turned upon Shakespeare, and General Wood asked Mr. CONKLING if the latter thought that Hamlet was insane, Mr. CONKLING said: 'What do you ask that for? Who cares whether Hamlet was insane or not? Maud S. can make a mile in two minutes ten and one-half seconds, and some fool comes along and wants to know whether she ever kicked any one. I maintain that if Maud S. can trot a mile in two minutes ten and one-half seconds, she has a perfect right to kick anybody she wants to who gets within range of her heels.'

"As a speaker, Mr. CONKLING was deliberate. He spoke with great ease and slowness, and the effectiveness of his argument lay in that. It made his delivery very impressive. He could rise to the occasion and speak with more rapidity when necessary, but he never gave the impression that he said anything in haste, or otherwise than with deliberate thought. The coolness of his irony and sarcasm was what made both so effective. There was no oddity about CONKLING. In public and in private intercourse with men he was a perfect gentleman. He treated alike with extreme courtesy men of the highest station, and the least influential man who happened to be in his presence. He was a man who relied upon his own judgment. At times he was arbitrary, but resistance only showed in the end that he was right. He knew he was right, and his firm conviction of this made him

seem arbitrary. He was so much abler than the men around him that it was generally enough for them to know what his views were to accede to them, and it was from this custom that the popular charge that he was arbitrary came to be somewhat exaggerated."

Henry F. Huntington was a personal acquaintance of Mr. Conkling. He said to a reporter this morning, "I believe him to have been the highest type of a politician, combining more admirable qualities as man and statesman than any other public man since Lincoln. In his intercourse with me I always found him entertaining, pleasing and affable. There is a story I have told about him a hundred times relative to a remark he once made in my presence. He said, 'Nothing appeals to a man's vanity so much as to have his physician say that he is over-worked and must make a trip to Europe. It makes him feel good way through.' As he said 'way through,' Mr. Conkling rubbed his hands over his stomach with an expression that was irresistibly funny."

A gentleman who knew Mr. Conkling well said: "Roscoe Conkling was a natural leader of men. His followers were not slaves nor did they follow him at the sacrifice of their manhood, as his enemies were wont to declare. He despised double dealing and hypocrisy. His partisanship was aggressive but fixed upon the highest plane in what he believed best for his country and his party. In the whole course of his successful leadership no element of trickery or chicanery found a place. His victories were won by superior skill and by the aid of loyal supporters and in a fair contest. He could not overlook an injury, and would spurn a proffered favor from one who had wronged him. Upon one occasion he was told that a prominent journalist, who had unfairly assailed him, had recently written kindly of him. He said: 'What have I done that such as these should praise me?' His fund of anecdote and quotation was unsurpassed. In social life he was most genial. To every one whom he esteemed worthy to be called a friend, he was most considerate. Loyalty to his party and its principles he accounted to be the greatest evidence of friendship, and to all such, no matter how humble, he stood true. To the innumerable falsehoods issued by envious rivals he was silent in public, his terrible invective against George William Curtis in the convention held in this city in 1877 being almost the only exception. While for several years he had withdrawn from active interest in politics, it was well known to those intimate with him that the success of the party was his great desire. But he had determined by no act of his to thrust himself into notice, believing that when the people wanted him, anywhere or in any way, they would find means to say so. To such a call there is no question that he would have quickly responded."

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**From the Buffalo Express, April 19.**

Roscoe Conkling's greatness is the theme of to-day's news, as his death was of yesterday's. There is more than formal respect in the host of resolutions and individual expressions reported in our local and telegraph columns this morning. As we said yesterday, "He left not an enemy."

The mantle of history was about his political career even before he died. Remembrance of him had ceased to be of an active force, antagonizing any of the living. His old antagonists had had time to remember his lovable qualities. The rising generation knew him only as they knew the heroes of the American Pantheon, though in the meantime he was establishing another claim on immortality.

It is possible for but few men to create two careers for themselves, however small. ROSCOE CONKLING turned the current of his own political fame awry at its flood, and, setting himself steadfastly at work, made almost as great a reputation as a forensic advocate. He did not "sulk in his tents," as some said. He resolutely turned his back on one battle to enter upon another field of endeavor.

Still, it is his work as statesman and politician that fills the thoughts of men to-day. How he overthrew Weed and Kernan and Fenton, who had been leaders of men while he was in the nursery. How he proved himself a match for Charles Sumner and every other critic of Grant's administration. How he made the policy of that administration, and rendered its existence tolerable in Congress. How he played with such men as Dix, Cornell, and Arthur. And how finally he went down before the Plumed Knight, as Garfield's champion, because he would not lower his lance when to lower it would have meant no disgrace in other men's codes of honor.

These are some of the many reasons why ROSCOE CONKLING is generally and sincerely mourned.

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**From the Toledo Commercial, April 19.**

There are few private citizens in this country whose death would be so universally lamented as that of ROSCOE CONKLING. He had a strong hold upon the American people, who had learned to admire his ability and his integrity. Among American statesmen since the death of Sumner, he was most polished. There was never so much as the whisper of suspicion against his integrity during his entire official career. Although retired from public life for a time from a high sense of honor, all felt that he would be brought into public service again, and that the country would have the benefit of his great powers of mind and sterling integrity of character. His death, under the circumstances, seems a double calamity.

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**From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, April 19.**

ROSCOE CONKLING is one of the strongly marked men of this age and country, and still, in spite of his long and unfortunate retirement from official public affairs, a factor always to be considered, a force which is that of a private citizen, and yet imperious — the will that of a man retired from high debates, and largely estranged from his fellow-citizens, and yet as haughtily inflexible as if it were that of a conqueror. Those in sharpest antagonism with him were keenly alive to his attractiveness —

his faculty for repulsion winning by the rarity of the exercise of the quality of fine scorn, for the small acts of the commonplace seeking of popularity. There has been one great preacher in modern times of silence, and one great example of it in a man of deeds — Carlyle, the preacher, and Grant, the example — but in stern repression, in the ability to assert himself by saying nothing, under circumstances both provoking and stimulating, Conkling is the most striking figure of our times.

**From the Cincinnati Times-Star, April 19.**

His voice, in all his brilliant speeches, was always on the side of right. No man was more eloquent for the fourteenth amendment than was Roscoe Conkling. His votes in the House and in the Senate were always open to inspection. His record throughout was clean and honorable, as inviting as the pages of a bright book. He is transcendent in the list of statesmen from New York. Strangers have sometimes complained of his austerity, but it was only a disposition to know men before he took them into his confidence. To friends he was an Achates, to foes as relentless as the angel of fate. There are millions in this country to do him honor, none in New York to take his place. In history he will rank along with Clay and Webster.

**From the Columbus Dispatch, April 18.**

Conkling is dead. Whatever of animosity Republicans held concerning him, during and since the Garfield administration, disappeared long ago. Conkling and Blaine, while in the House, became estranged. At Chicago, in 1880, Conkling, as the leader of the 306, stood up for Grant for a third term. In the general crash Grant, Blaine, Sherman and all other candidates went down. Garfield came up. Maine went Democratic at the State election. Conkling was quiet. So was Grant. Hancock was the Democratic candidate. The Democrats were well organized. Their candidate was clean. Of all the Democrats who were generals in the war Hancock was the model as a soldier. He had been obedient. Not a word could be said against him as a soldier. Garfield's campaign finally took on a dangerous aspect. Conkling came out. So did Grant. Garfield was elected. Blaine went into the cabinet. The old personal strife between Conkling, as a New York Senator, and Blaine, as a cabinet officer, reappeared in some of their operations with the President concerning New York affairs. Conkling, being high spirited, did as almost any other man would have done, resigned. Garfield was assassinated. Public feeling against Conkling ran high, because, as supposed, his agitation of the feeling between himself and Blaine, if not the President, caused a crank to shoot the latter. They are all dead, or soon will die of old age. As we get away from the tempestous political scenes of those days we see Conkling in a new light. We see him doing just as any other man of

mettle, who had greatly helped to win a doubtful political campaign, would have done. He was a great man, in many respects. None, we believe, will bear him malice. His last fight with the grim monster touched all hearts with the feeling that makes the world akin.

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**From the Cleveland Leader, April 18.**

When the official career of a popular leader ends in defeat and humiliation and he retires to private life, making no effort thenceforth to regain political power, only great public services and splendid abilities can keep him before the people or save him from practical oblivion. ROSCOE CONKLING vacated his last public office seven years ago, and yet the moment that his illness became serious it was made plain that the whole country felt a deep interest in his struggle for life, and that he was everywhere regarded as one of the foremost of living Americans. Indeed, before his health began to fail, the frequent mention of his name in lists of possible Presidential candidates, and the notice taken of every rumor concerning his plans, views and actions, afforded abundant evidence of his strong hold upon the public mind. Certainly it is not strange that such should have been the case.

Ex-Senator CONKLING was born October 30, 1829, and, therefore, was fifty-eight years old last autumn. Into this comparatively short lifetime, however, he crowded toil and learning, public services and political power sufficient to make a far longer career fruitful from beginning to end. Under the inspiration and teachings of a father who, as member of Congress, Judge of the United States District Court for Northern New York, and Minister to Mexico, had shown unusual talents, the famous Republican leader made rapid progress in his very boyhood. When he entered the law office of Spencer & Kernan, at Utica, in 1846, he was only seventeen years of age, but besides the common school and academic education acquired in Albany—his birthplace—and in Auburn and Geneva, he had already studied law three years under his father's instruction. Before young CONKLING attained his majority he was appointed district attorney for Oneida county, and when, on the twenty-first anniversary of his birth, he was admitted to the bar, he had a reputation which comparatively few older lawyers in Utica could boast. The next ten years were mainly devoted to the active practice of his profession, but while the future Senator was making a brilliant record at the bar, and earning a place second to none among the successful advocates of central New York, he was also fast developing as a local political leader. It was during this period that he married Julia Seymour, the sister of Horatio Seymour, afterwards Governor of New York and Democratic candidate for President. In 1858 Mr. CONKLING was elected mayor of Utica, and in the same year he was nominated for member of Congress by the Republican party, and elected, taking his seat in December, 1859.

It is here that ROSCOE CONKLING's national career may be said to have begun. In 1860 he was reëlected to the thirty-seventh Congress, his brother, Frederick A Conkling, having been chosen in the same year to

represent a New York city district. In 1862 Francis Kernan defeated his old law partner, but in 1864 the same men were again candidates, and a Republican victory sent ROSCOE CONKLING back to the National House of Representatives. His reputation was already well established in Washington. He had been bold and vigorous when vacillation and weakness were too common. A scathing attack upon General McClellan's methods had created a sensation, and he had been a radical advocate of hard money principles in the days of desperate financial expedients. In 1866 Mr. CONKLING was again returned to the House of Representatives, but before Congress met he was elected a United States Senator. Reëlected in 1873 and again in 1879, his term of service in the Senate ended only when, on May 14, 1881, he sent his resignation to Governor Cornell. During the eventful fourteen years covered by ROSCOE CONKLING's Senatorial career he was at the height of fame and prestige. Through the reconstruction period the eloquent New Yorker strenuously opposed the restoration of secession leaders to power in national affairs, and during both of General Grant's terms he exerted a powerful influence upon the administration's southern policy. He was among the foremost advocates of the civil rights bill, and an unwavering, consistent champion of specie resumption. Perhaps nothing in Senator CONKLING's official career, however, better displayed his abilities than his eloquent and powerful support of the electoral commission plan of settling the Hayes-Tilden controversy of 1876-77.

Meanwhile the name of ROSCOE CONKLING had become even more familiar as that of a great party leader than as a Senator. His speeches were famous campaign efforts, and his leadership was so skillful and strong that he had become the acknowledged head of the Republican party in New York. In the Cincinnati convention of 1876 he received nearly one hundred votes for President on several ballots, and his splendid fight for Grant in 1880 was enough in itself to make a public man famous. The defeat of the "306" left Senator CONKLING still master of the situation in New York and a power throughout the country, but it greatly increased the confidence and activity of his opponents. The story of the great mistake of a lifetime, which soon followed, is familiar to all. After doing brilliant service in the Garfield campaign, Mr. CONKLING held it to be intolerable that his arch enemy, W. H. Robertson, should be appointed collector of the port of New York, and after vainly endeavoring, in company with Vice-President Arthur, Postmaster-General James, and his colleague, Thomas C. Platt, to secure the withdrawal of Mr. Robertson's nomination, he resigned and sought the vindication of a reëlection, Mr. Platt joining him in every step. A long, bitter contest ensued at Albany. Balloting began May thirty-first, and the factions of the Republican party in the Empire State became almost frantic before it ended. Senator CONKLING at no time received more than one-third of the Republican votes cast, but it was not until July first that Mr. Platt withdrew and July seventeenth that Warner Miller was elected in his place. Mr. CONKLING's devoted adherents stood by him until July twenty-second, when Elbridge G. Lapham was nominated by a caucus and elected his successor.

Thus ended the public career of one of the ablest political leaders and greatest orators of his time. The ex-Senator opened a law office in New

York, and began the assiduous practice of his profession. His early successes were surpassed in his rapidly growing and very lucrative business, and when he refused President Arthur's offer of a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. he certainly chose wisely from a pecuniary point of view, if from no other. Except in court the voice of the veteran party leader was thereafter seldom heard, and he seemed to court absolute retirement from politics. Nevertheless, many of his old admirers still clung to him, and never ceased to hope that he might some day reënter public life.

Proud, ambitious and masterful, too straightforward to resort to trickery and too brave to dodge, ROSCOE CONKLING was a man to make devoted friends and bitter enemies. None disputed his ability or questioned his integrity in both public and private life. Wherever his voice was heard homage was paid to his eloquence, and his most bitter enemies respected him as a man and admired him as a political leader of rare skill and force. James G. Blaine, writing calmly after he, like his strong rival now cold in death, had retired to private life, paid a striking tribute to Mr. CONKLING in his "Twenty Years of Congress." In speaking of the New York delegation in the thirty-seventh Congress, he says :

"The ablest and most brilliant man of the delegation was ROSCOE CONKLING. He had been elected in the preceding Congress when but twenty-nine years of age, and exhibited a readiness and eloquence in debate that at once placed him in the front rank. His command of language was remarkable. In affluent and exuberant diction Mr. CONKLING was never surpassed in either branch of Congress, unless, perhaps, by Rufus Choate."

A man of whom so much could be justly said would be missed in any country, and it may be many decades before another leader arises competent to fill, in all respects, the place left vacant when ROSCOE CONKLING passed forever out of the realm of public life.

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**From the Cleveland Plain Dealer, April 19.**

The Republican papers are now all singing the praises of ROSCOE CONKLING, and lamenting the loss of a great statesman with brilliant possibilities for himself and his party. But a few short years ago he was bitterly denounced by the majority of these same papers and consigned to a political obscurity from which, it was asserted, he could never emerge.

The trouble with Mr. CONKLING was that he cared more for principle than policy, and had a supreme contempt for the petty hypocrisies and paltry shams that had become dominant in his party. He could neither be coaxed nor bullied into acquiescence with the new order of things and let no opportunity slip of giving vent to his disgust. He was for fighting his political foes openly, became impatient at the mere suggestion of compromise and despised the dishonest tricks and shifty devices which other leaders in his party were always ready to adopt where there was a promise of success. Imperious and irascible he was involved in many quarrels with his political associates, but it should always be remembered to his credit that in most cases his anger was roused by what he considered hypocrisy and snuffling cant rather than honest conviction on the part of those who differed with him.

**From the Philadelphia Inquirer, April 19.**

By the death of ROSCOE CONKLING the country has lost a man remarkable for many things, and perhaps for none more than for his practical demonstration that ambition may seem to have entire possession of a man when, in fact, it is a merely an excrescence on an otherwise healthy moral nature, and may be entirely extirpated without injury to the patient. That Mr. CONKLING was a man of genius there can be no doubt. His whole career and the many successes he achieved show that conclusively. That he was, on the whole, a good and useful citizen, and one calculated to adorn the age in which he lived, is conceded now, even by his enemies. It is, perhaps, most strongly shown by the fact that the whole country, at the time of his death, was beginning to think seriously of condoning his one fault, serious as it was in a political view, and restoring to him the confidence of the nation.

Aside from his vanity and his ambition, Mr. CONKLING was a man to be admired and followed. He was a born leader. Always firm in his convictions and resolute in obeying them, whether they took him outside his party lines or not, he made himself felt in whatever sphere of action he was placed in, and even those who contemned his views were forced to admire his courage. His death at an age that is early for so robust a man is attributable directly to the unflinching determination and perseverance that characterized him through life. It was these qualities that led him to take a two-mile walk in the height of the recent "blizzard" because he had made up his mind to go home, and had no other means of getting there. His State will mourn his loss. A few more years of the life he led since his retirement from the Senate and the whole nation would have joined in the lamentation.

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**From the Philadelphia Times, April 19.**

The death of ROSCOE CONKLING removes from American statesmanship and the American bar the ablest representative of both that his generation furnished. During a service of many years in the Senate, he was incomparably the ablest and best equipped disputant of the body, and since his retirement from the Senate in 1881, he has stood in the very front rank of the bar, both as counselor and advocate.

Had Mr. CONKLING been as adroit in political management and as willing in political servility as he was great in every attribute of statesmanship, he would have overshadowed all the many great leaders of his party; but he was proud as he was great; as honest and honorable as he was ambitious. Blaine could vanquish him in an *ad captandum* conflict in the House, for CONKLING's imperious scorn was his only answer to the reckless dash for the *railleries* made by the rival leader from Maine; but CONKLING sought no such superficial triumphs, and never respected those who won them.

Mr. CONKLING was not in any sense a popular leader. He was not approachable by the multitude; he allowed the ebb and flow of popular waves to pass by without seeking to employ them for temporary notoriety or popularity; but he was always clean in his great office; honest in pub-

lic trust; faithful to every sincere friendship, and a master when great public duties were to be performed. He loved those he loved; he scorned those he scorned, and the world was not ignorant of his judgments.

One of CONKLING's positive qualities could not escape positive infirmities, but he had no more than the share that is common to greatness. His sudden resignation from the Senate in 1881, because of what he regarded as irreconcilable differences with the President he had snatched from the very jaws of defeat, was the natural mistake of keenly wounded honor and pride. The world paused to worship at the rising sun of power, and speeded the parting guest as he retired to defeat at Albany; and since then CONKLING has practically waited for a new era in politics that could reinlist his matchless abilities with honest enthusiasm. He was silent in speech but deadly in power as he dealt the retributive blow to Blaine in 1884, and since then he has been more respected, because more feared, than ever in the past.

Had CONKLING lived another decade, he doubtless would have again become a central figure in national politics, and an exemplar of American statesmanship. The general demoralization of politics has clearly taught that the time must soon come when such as CONKLING would be recalled to leadership; but to-day CONKLING is shrouded for the tomb and Blaine's shattered physical and mental powers retire him from the conflict that both so heartily welcomed a score of years ago. Although resolutely separated from active politics and self-shorn of political power, ROSCOE CONKLING will be more widely missed and his death more lamented than if he had died in the very zenith of his greatness. He is better understood and better appreciated to-day than at any time in all his eminent career, and every section and faith of the land will mourn him as one of the grand pillars of the Republic that is even grandest in its fall.

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**From the Harrisburgh Morning Call, April 19.**

The announcement that the great New York lawyer and statesman had died, though not unlooked for, was received by the whole country with heartfelt regret and sadness. He was a typical American statesman in every sense of the word. Springing from comparative obscurity, by the force of his great will and a natural yearning after intelligence, he, step by step, ascended the ladder of his profession until he reached the topmost round. So in his political career, spurred on by a patriotic zeal to serve his country, unswerving in purpose, fearless, conscientious and determined, he identified himself with almost every great measure for his country's welfare, won the highest confidence of his own State, and was fairly on the way to the most exalted gift in the power of the nation to proffer him. Some of the most important legislation of the century bears the indelible imprint of his intellect and wisdom. In all of his political and official career not even the taint of dishonesty or deception appears to mar the record. He was open, frank and upright to the last degree. His friendships were formed with a dignified caution, but when once formed he linked them to his heart with bonds of steel. A spirit of independence,

fortified with a magnificent intellect, polished by severe study and care, and endowed with a most striking personal presence, made him prominent in any assemblage by which he might be surrounded. He passes to the silent grave, a loss to the nation, mourned by his countrymen, but not without having left his contribution to posterity, by his faithful, untiring and patriotic work as a public servant.

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**From the Indianapolis Journal, April 18.**

Notwithstanding that recent bulletins have indicated Mr. CONKLING's failing condition, the announcement of his death will cause a painful shock throughout the country. He was not advanced in years, only sixty, and was in superb health until the beginning of his short but fatal illness. Mr. CONKLING was one of the most conspicuous and interesting of modern American statesmen. He possessed both inherited and acquired ability. His father was eminent as a lawyer and publicist, and a brother achieved considerable distinction in public life. ROSCOE CONKLING was the third of the family to serve in Congress and to win fame by the force of his strong personality and great intellectual powers. He was admirably adapted and well equipped for public life, and from his first appearance in the field of national politics it was easy to predict for him a brilliant career. To intellectual ability of the very highest order and a thorough education in the law, he added boundless ambition, untiring industry and that supreme confidence in his own powers that is a common characteristic of greatness. Whatever his faults may have been they were but minor flaws in a great character. Mr. CONKLING knew he was no ordinary man. He felt that he had a great, healthy mind in a great, healthy body, and that his intellectual equipment was away above the average. If this made him arrogant, overbearing, and even vain, it was not without reason. Many smaller men have been even more so without a tithe of the justification that he had. Mr. CONKLING had conspicuous faults of character, but they were the faults of a great man. In politics he was a partisan, and proud of it. With his temperament and mental constitution he could not be otherwise. He was a Republican in every fiber of his body, and, as long as he remained in public life, was easily one of the foremost men of the party. He retired from public life voluntarily, resigning a seat in the United States Senate because he thought he had not been fairly treated, and, perhaps, because he thought he could be reëlected and vindicated. His mistake was not so much in resigning as in seeking a reëlection. The first was a brave and defiant act, the other was a political blunder. The result left him out of public life, and gave him the strongest possible reason for devoting his whole energy to the law. The success with which he did this affords striking proof of his splendid abilities. He had been out of the law for many years, but in a short time after his return to it he had established a very large and lucrative practice, which continued to increase up to the time of his death. Mr. CONKLING was a great lawyer. President Grant would have made him chief justice, and President Arthur offered him an associate justiceship of the Supreme Court, but he

declined both honors. When he did return to the legal profession he soon established a practice worth many times the salary of a supreme judge. His impetuous temper and lofty spirit made him aggressive and quarrelsome in politics. He was not particularly tolerant of the views of others, and could not brook opposition. He enjoyed quarreling with his enemies, and, unfortunately, he was also apt to quarrel with his friends, or those who should have been his friends. But he was an open, honorable enemy, a fair fighter, and never struck below the belt. ROSCOE CONKLING was incapable of doing a mean thing. His faults, like his merits, were those of a great man. In his death a noble intellect is extinguished and a brilliant career is brought to an untimely end.

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**From the Chicago Journal, April 18.**

The death of ROSCOE CONKLING will have less effect on the politics of the country than if it had occurred when he was in public life — possibly less than it might have had if occurring in the future, after he should have returned to active public life, from which, of course, he could not have remained permanently absent. It was not probably his intention to take a busy part in this presidential campaign, unless under circumstances so peculiar as to be unexpected and improbable. His decease will, therefore, not change the aspect of political affairs, unless, possibly, his enthusiastic and devoted friends should determine to labor with greater industry, in the direction that his interests and sympathies would have tended, than they would have done had he been alive to work out his own purposes. In this way, even his death may seriously affect the results of the campaign.

Mr. CONKLING'S abilities were of the highest order. He was by far the ablest man in the Senate when he left it, and the vacancy which remained behind him has been inadequately filled. There was no man in public life, or in any of the professions, who possessed such intellectual energy, such magnificent eloquence and such dignity and power in debate. He was of the race of American giants, and, if not among the foremost, there were few who were his superiors in greatness. His weaknesses were those which beset only the great. In common men they would have been unnoticed, or would have excited no hostility. But in him they gave his enemies advantages which they inveterately pursued, and through which they finally accomplished his overthrow. That, with the possession of wealth, which his recent pursuits insured him had he lived, he would have resumed his interest in political and public affairs, and that, with chastening experiences, the tumult of ambition and strife in his blood subdued by age, and with higher and better aims, he would have reëntered his former sphere of activity and usefulness, can not be doubted.

One fact in Mr. CONKLING'S public life stands out conspicuously and to his lasting honor. He grew poor, not rich, in office. At a time of general demoralization produced by a great war and its results, when men of political prominence and influence, Congressmen and other officials became millionaires, or at least men of great wealth, in a few years, he lived upon his salary as a member of Congress, enlarged by such strictly legitimate

professional fees as his attention to every public duty entitled him to earn. He was not a time-server, nor a whiffler, nor corrupt. He was incased in honesty, and it was his bright, particular virtue. In this respect he will always be a model for the public men of the country, whose opportunities may be as great as their temptations, and to whom crooked courses may appear easier and more profitable than those which are direct, but are ragged and toilsome to him who travels them.

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**From the Chicago Herald, April 18.**

There followed the burning of Chicago, in the eventful year of 1871, a display of the world's charity which made the spirits of old men younger—which so exalted the dignity of religion, and so proved the vitality of its philosophy, that unbelievers wept for joy at their own defeat. The outpouring, on the same day, unasked, in all portions of Christendom, was a revelation both of the majesty of religion and the innate goodness of men. The charity that came to Chicago, was not the result of a play on the emotions other than that play which was effected by the picture of a city's destruction. The lesson endures to-day. Judges of men credit men with ultimate instincts of generosity that were demonstrated then, a solitary instance, because of a solitary calling forth.

The desperate illness and sad death of ROSCOE CONKLING has touched one more quiet chord in the American character, and now there vibrates from Maine to Mexico, and on to the Golden Gate, not alone the chant of sympathy, but the hymn of triumph. The man who lies dead was a statesman, and yet, not a demagogue. He dealt with political politics, and was called a boss, yet he held honor above office, and character above politics. When the highway of character and politics forked, he went out into what he supposed would be obscurity, choosing the stony path of character, and leaving the Millers, Lathams and Depews to wear the bays and listen to the pæans of a degenerate day. ROSCOE CONKLING is credited, and rather justly and on good testimony and evidence, with desiring rather to be right than to be President, and in an era, happily past, when to make such a choice was to disappoint every friend he had on earth.

Of the measures which CONKLING advocated the *Herald* has spoken with befitting opposition. Of the centralism which he failed to fasten on the country the *Herald* has warned all patriots. To say that his politics should traverse the *Herald's* views of right, is to say no more than may be said of the small men who hoped to gain his honors by sitting in the seat he had scorned. But his proud bearing recalled the olden days, when Clay and Webster and Calhoun might be vehemently wrong without the shadow of corruptibility lingering on their garments. To arraign CONKLING as a third-termer, was but to make conspicuous the magnificent qualities of leadership which he displayed.

That the people of America, on hearing of the dangerous illness of this private citizen, should, with all the spontaneity of the fire-time spring into warm sympathy, and that now they should regard his death as a blow to hopes they had not felt to exist, but did exist, is another optimistic dem-

onstration of the good potentiality that lies fathoms down in the popular heart. The interest shown is an undoubted tribute to incorruptibility. It is testimony that the people believe that CONKLING, whether right or wrong, could not be purchased with any of the prices that usually tempt men.

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**From the Chicago Tribune, April 19.**

After a long and gallant fight for his life, aided by a physical constitution of remarkable tenacity and strength, and after a struggle characterized by almost daily alternations from hope to despair, ROSCOE CONKLING has succumbed to the inevitable at last and passed away from his contemporaries, among whom he had been a conspicuous figure both politically and personally for many years.

Though Mr. CONKLING had been out of politics for seven years, pursuing his profession as a lawyer (in which he had been eminently successful), his previous connection with the Republican party had been so long, influential and honorable that it had been difficult at any time to think of him except from a political point of view, and at no time during his absence had there been lacking the hope that he might forget old grievances and take the field again with all his old power and influence in New York and and throughout the country. If he had thoroughly retained his intellectual ability, after his ailment became dangerous, he would unquestionably have become convinced that while many Republicans differed with him, and perhaps had been grievously offended, yet admiration for what he had been had led them to forget all grievances and to overlook all mistakes. Had he recovered this might have been a powerful inducement for him to come into line again. But it is idle to talk of this now. His day has darkened into an eternal night, and he is now but a memory and a name.

Mr. CONKLING had been in public life twenty-three years, entering it in 1858 and leaving it in 1881. During these years not a breath of suspicion ever touched his honesty as a legislator, nor will it ever be doubted that he was loyal to his friends to the end. Until his sudden and somewhat dramatic departure from his party his connection with it had been both useful and honorable, and in the latter part of his career there were few men who held such a conspicuous and even picturesque position in the leadership as he. Indeed, it is but just to say that few men could have gone out of the party under the same circumstances without belittling themselves, exposing themselves to ridicule, and scaling their political fate. Mr. CONKLING, however, was a man too strong in his characteristics, too assertive and aggressive in his moods, and too independent in his manliness to suffer any deterioration from his third term leadership, his resignation of his seat in the Senate, or his repudiation by his own Legislature. He would have been welcomed back at any time, and had he lived there is good reason to believe he would have come back and made ample amends for his error of judgment. His own strength was his greatest weakness. The same high spirit, autocracy, intolerance of dictation, personal pride, and love of power, which urged him on, were the qualities which, when crossed and challenged, led to his defeat and to the close of his public career.

Physically, Mr. CONKLING was robust and athletic for a man of his age. It was his reliance upon his activity and endurance that led him to face the storm which superinduced his ailment, and even in his sickness he cheerfully told his physicians they could rely upon his vitality; but it was evident he had presumed too much upon his strength. Personally he was a man of the world, proud of his appearance and vain of his accomplishments, filled with vanity, domineering in disposition, and intolerant of opposition. Though not in the foremost rank as a great statesman, he was a fluent speaker and ready, quick-witted debater, and wielded a personal influence which was strong and persuading. He was loyal to his friends, even in their adversity, as was shown by his attachment to General Grant after the latter's business misfortunes. He was strictly honest. Notwithstanding his long career in Congress, during which he was in the midst of the Pacific road and Credit Mobilier scandals, no suspicion ever attached to his name. He passed through unscathed.

Whatever opinions Americans may have of the course Mr. CONKLING pursued politically or the errors he made, both friend and foe will join in a tribute of admiration for his record of courage, of honesty, of high spirit, and of acquiescence in the destiny with which his great pride had much to do. The regretful feature of that record is that he could not have lived to appreciate the tender sympathy expressed for him by all classes of the American people, and especially by his old Republican friends.

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**From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, April 18.**

In the death of ROSCOE CONKLING the country has lost a man of well attested superiority as a political leader and a champion of principles and policies that have contributed largely to the promotion of national prosperity and honor. It was his fortune to be directly and conspicuously identified with the work of legislation in a period of surpassing interest and importance, and he bore himself at all times bravely, confidently and steadfastly. He was thoroughly American, and conscientiously faithful to the spirit as well as the form of our institutions. In his whole public career he was not once found wanting when put to the test by which the statesman is distinguished from the mere politician. His devotion to his party did not in the least compromise or diminish his personal greatness. There was never a moment when he was willing to play the demagogue. No man of his time had loftier ideas of duty or a clearer record for integrity.

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**From the Boston Globe, April 19.**

ROSCOE CONKLING is dead, and the whole country will mourn the premature termination of his brilliant and honorable life.

It is a striking enforcement of the fleeting nature of human fame and distinction that nearly all the men who, twelve years ago made the Grant phalanx of the Republican party so strong in leadership that it dominated

the whole organization, should now be numbered with the silent majority. Mr. CONKLING was the last of the leaders of that masterly and masterful group of men, which included Oliver Perry Morton of Indiana, John A. Logan of Illinois, Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, the Camerons of Pennsylvania, and Matthew Hale Carpenter of Wisconsin. These were the men who made President Grant's administration what it was, and the survivors of whom came very near to breaking the unwritten law of the presidency and giving the hero of Appomattox a third term in the White House. The Camerons alone of them all are still in the land of the living, and they have outlived their day of political leadership. All the others, including General Grant himself, are gone to the grave.

Looking back to the stirring and eventful period in which the Stalwart Republicanism, that had Grant for its rallying point, was paramount, we find no nobler personality among its chieftains than that of ROSCOE CONKLING. He was the imperious man from the Imperial State; proud, haughty and unbending. But he was as pure as he was proud, and his vanity was more than atoned for by his virtues. In an era abounding in scandals and prolific of corruption New York's undoubtedly egotistical Senator was free from even the suspicion of dishonesty or corruptibility. He was a rank and often a ranting partisan, bitter in his sectional diatribes, and an unrelenting foe to the Democracy; but he was offensive in a grand way, and never stooped to do a mean or ignoble thing.

In the Senate chamber he represented his State with a vigor and dignity that was worthy of her position as the first State in the Union. He was eloquent, and on occasions rose into those farther heights of thought, emotion and speech that are never reached except by parliamentary orators of the first rank — the Burkes, the Pitts, the Foxes, and the Gladstones. He was a scholarly man, as the classical tone of many of his public speeches sufficiently show. He was cast in a massive mould, both physically and intellectually, and was a strong man in all points save one — his temper. He was too high-spirited and sensitive a man to patiently submit to many things which less squeamish politicians would have allowed to pass unchallenged. This, and the fact that, in a conscienceless era of politics, when men in high places broke their plighted word of honor as lightly and as regularly as their daily bread, and laughed at solemn pledges as if they were sly jokes, ROSCOE CONKLING was burdened with a conscience, made him the failure that he finally was as a practical politician. He resented insults that coarser-fibred men would have pocketed; he treated a breach of faith by a President as though it were really dishonorable; he resigned from the Senate where he felt he could no longer sit with self respect, and was promptly trampled on by the hungry herd of common politicians whose only thought was to get a good place at the Garfield-Blaine hayrack.

The Republican party hastened to stamp all over the prostrate form of its fallen leader. There was, indeed, something wolf-like in the manner in which, as soon as he was down, they turned and rended him. They remembered nothing in all his long years of service to them except that he had displayed creditable qualms of conscience over the great electoral fraud of 1876-77 by which Hayes was put into Tilden's seat as President. Mr. CONKLING was only cajoled and coerced into silence on that occasion.

It would have been better for his memory to-day if he had risen in his seat in the Senate, as he at one time contemplated doing, and denounced the electoral commission and its crime against the Constitution and the people. It is, at the same time, to be remembered to his lasting honor that, alone among the eminent men of his party, he shrunk from the consummation of that great wrong and revolted at the tricks and sharp practice by which it was made possible.

There was noble stuff in ROSCOE CONKLING. In an unclean party he was clean. In a time when fraud sat enthroned in power he refused to acknowledge its authority. In an epoch notoriously corrupt, when Republican Senators and Congressmen were making fortunes with mysterious rapidity, he was stainless, and went out of public life in debt and embarrassment. In a garrulous age, when men with grievances are prone to air them with tiresome elaboration, he was reticent under his wrongs, and after he went back to the practice of his profession as a lawyer maintained the dignity of an unbroken silence on politics.

None the less was he a factor in the political history that was made after he stepped down and out. If he was silent, he had not forgotten nor forgiven. The November night in 1884 that brought him the news of Blaine's defeat and the overthrow of the Republican party must have brought him a peculiar sense of satisfaction enjoyed by no other man in the country. Samson was dead under the ruins, but the party temple in which he was dishonored was pulled down. Revenge is not a Christian passion, and ROSCOE CONKLING was, without doubt, a resentful man. He acted on the maxim that "Revenge is the courage to call in one's debts of honor," and he called his in with but little talk, but with effective action.

The historian who writes in the impartial by and by will credit ROSCOE CONKLING with a large share in the downfall of the Republican party. He will have to say that the great New Yorker was not above the human weakness for getting even. But when he seeks for the antecedent first cause he will have to say that ROSCOE CONKLING was more sinned against than sinning; that he was most treacherously and shamefully used by the administration he had made possible, and that if ever the appetite for revenge had justification it was in his ever-memorable case. From the cold calcium light which posterity will throw upon the exiled Republican party and its leaders, ROSCOE CONKLING's fame has nothing to fear. It will exhibit him as one of the purest, noblest and strongest men of his time, whose egotism and vanity were his worst blemishes, and whose resentments were for the most part national and just.

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**From the Boston Journal, April 19.**

MR. CONKLING's death, after a painful and lingering illness, in which his tremendous will power has sustained him beyond expectation, closes a remarkable and, indeed, an almost eccentric career. The apparent content which he found in private life and the practice of his profession after his retirement from the national Senate, where he had been one of a half dozen leaders of a great party, is one of the most singular features of his

history. It is true that his party was no longer in accord with him on some of the questions of the first importance, and that, perhaps, he could not feel as much at home there as he had been wont to be, but far from wearing out his life in vain regrets and chafings, he applied himself to securing triumphs at the bar with the same thorough satisfaction in his occupation, and impetuosity in the pursuit of it, which he manifested amid the excitement of national politics. Time has softened the resentment entertained toward him by men of his own and the opposing political faith whom he had encountered in the halls of Congress, but it would not be just to say that popular opinion of Mr. CONKLING has altered in any marked degree. Those of our people who some years ago regarded him with bitterness have, like the statesman whose views he was accustomed to antagonize, felt their animosity naturally lessen with the lapse of time. To the great mass of our citizens, however, Mr. CONKLING, as a successful lawyer in these later days, has been very much the same as he was in the full tide of his political career—able, vigorous, aggressive, and not always a safe or judicious leader, but a man whose strict personal integrity it was impossible to doubt. His especial friends have been accustomed to assert that Mr. CONKLING never had full justice done him during his public life, but the estimate of his character which will be made by his countrymen now can be depended upon as fair and adequate. Due appreciation of his services to the Republican party, and to the republic, during a stormy period in its existence, can easily be accorded him by people among whom he long ago ceased to be an object of contention.

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**From the Baltimore American, April 18.**

ROSCOE CONKLING'S career was in many respects a marked one. He concentrated public attention upon himself when he entered Congress in 1859, and his reputation grew and spread with each recurring term, until 1881, when he resigned his seat in the United States Senate, he was among the foremost figures in American politics. It was not alone his ability which made him famous, though this was conspicuous; nor his statesmanship, though he was generally recorded upon the right side of all measures favorably affecting the welfare of the country.

There were features about the man which drew to him friends and supporters with hooks of steel, just as there were traits in his character which instantaneously repelled and made enemies of others. He was the perfection of physical manhood, Jove-like in appearance, such an one as would be singled out from his fellows, and upon whose face and form the eye loved to dwell. To those he liked, he was as gentle and as winning as a woman, while to his enemies—and they were not a few—he presented the scornful front of Coriolanus. His likes and dislikes were not confined to party or faction, and among his most sincere friends in the United States Senate and elsewhere, were many of the most ardent Democrats.

He was a graceful orator, a finished rhetorician, and a keenly logical, though not always a profound, debater. In his efforts to polish off his sentences he at times overreached the mark, but his periods were generally

in good taste and to the point; and no man in the Senate during Mr. CONKLING's occupancy of a seat in that body, commanded stricter attention, or was listened to with greater pleasure. It has often been cited as an evidence of his power that the one speech he was prevailed upon to make during the Garfield campaign, carried New York for the Republicans. If this was true, it was due as much to his personal magnetism as his oratory.

Mr. CONKLING was a man of irreproachable private character. Though in public life for twenty-three years, he retired a poor man, with not sufficient income to maintain himself. His most conspicuous fault was an overweening pride, which bordered closely on vanity. This it was which led to his resignation in 1881, because of fancied ill-treatment by the administration. He fully believed that he would be triumphantly returned to the Senate, but he had overrated his strength and the effect of his petulence upon his party in New York.

Thenceforward he refused absolutely to take any part in politics, and applied himself with extraordinary vigor and success to the practice of law. His income from this source soon grew to be enormous, and with the moral heroism for which he was noted, he turned his attention to the payment of great debts which defaulting and perfidious friends had brought upon him. This was at once the most pathetic and most admirable incident of his career, and one in which all must sympathize, no matter what their party predilections or personal prejudices.

The terrible mental strain to which Mr. CONKLING subjected himself in his efforts to remove these pecuniary burdens prepared his system for the attack immediately brought on by his exposure in the blizzard which recently swept over New York. His wearied brain could not resist the ravages of disease, and thus another has been added to the many victims of overwork in this country. Mr. CONKLING will stand high in the pantheon of American statesmen, but his strongest admirers will prefer to think of him as the stanch and steadfast friend who never dishonored an obligation.

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**From the Baltimore Sun, April 19.**

The death of ex-Senator CONKLING is received with profound regret throughout the country as that of a man of great ability, whose force and honesty, if not wisdom, of purpose during many years of public life had won universal respect. There was much in his moral and intellectual stature to command the homage of his political followers. In character, he was head and shoulders above the majority of his Republican colleagues in Congress. His leadership was for many years an acknowledged fact of the political situation, and so long as the Republican party continued to be guided by his counsels it retained its hold upon the imagination of the people and upon the government of the country. Until the election of Garfield the Republican party wisely took its inspiration from New York and its candidates for the presidency from the west, where the bulk of its voting strength lay. After the event, in disregard of Mr. CONKLING's protests, it entered upon the fatal policy of drawing both inspiration and candidate

from Maine, a State far removed from the political as well as from the intellectual, financial and industrial center of the Union. Lacking the strength of purpose to keep him to his ante-election obligations, Mr. Garfield, under the influence of Mr. Blaine's suggestions, began his administration with acts of hostility to Mr. CONKLING, aiming apparently at the destruction of the influence of the latter in his own State. Thus was initiated that memorable struggle between "stalwart" and "half-breeds" which has had such momentous consequences for the Republican party. The administration's influence with the New York Legislature prevented Mr. CONKLING from obtaining the vindication he had resigned his seat in the Senate to obtain, but the assassination of Garfield reversed the situation, and placed at Mr. CONKLING's disposal the commanding position he had formerly occupied at Washington. Disgusted with the conditions of public life, Mr. CONKLING retired, however, resolutely to a private station, from which it was impossible to withdraw him, and the schism in the party was never repaired. Up to 1881 the party had positive and aggressive leadership on lines which the masses of Republican voters could understand and approve, but since Mr. CONKLING's retirement it has been without guidance based on any sort of principle, unless the private interests of the beneficiaries of the tariff, the Pacific railroads and other like monopolies can be called principles. There has been no vivifying idea injected into its body, so that, unless some good physician come to its relief, its dissolution appears to be an event of the near future. It will be one of Mr. CONKLING's titles to remembrance in his party hereafter that its fate might have been different had he remained in control.

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**From the Washington Critic, April 18.**

In the death of ROSCOE CONKLING the country loses one of the most notable of its public men.

As a positive element of Republican politics for a long period, and a leader during the later years of the war, and the momentous era of reconstruction which followed, he became an aggressive force. Its impressions are visible all along the period of his legislative career, and no act of his life was more universally regretted than that by which he voluntarily separated himself from an arena in which he had proved himself so useful and so capable of achieving distinction.

However the precipitateness of this action may be construed by others, to those who knew Mr. CONKLING best, it best illustrated the decisiveness of his character, and the high sense of honor that governed his conduct.

He chose not to be even an ostensible partner in what he then regarded as the impending decline and fall of the Republican party.

That he was not always the wisest of political counselors may be true, but that he was honest as the sun and true to his faith as the magnet to the pole was never questioned, and although these later years he had given politics a peremptory and final go-by, he still cherished the hope of an ultimate reëstablishment of the party he did so much to build up, its

disinthrallment from hinderance which he could never tolerate or compromise with, and a second birth worthy of the glories of its first.

That he might have reëntered the field as an active promoter of these results is possible, but in the meantime he was achieving triumphs at the bar that promised both fortune and honor above all that politics have to give, and it is not to be believed that he would have ever renounced such splendid certainties for the turmoil and confusion and glittering uncertainties of partisan contention.

But the curtain has fallen, the story is told. We have only now to lament the loss of a brave man, a true friend, a constant advocate for the right. Nature seldom produces a more commanding figure—never one so symmetrical in its attributes of fidelity to principle.

His death will be mourned by all who admire true greatness, courage, truth, integrity and patriotism. He leaves behind him no peer. Those who enjoyed his personal friendship will mourn for one whose loyalty was one of the strongest elements of his character.

His devoted wife and daughter will have the sympathy of the whole people in their great bereavement.

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**From the Washington Post, April 18.**

Roscoe Conkling possessed elements of real greatness, intellectually and morally, and, although he did not impress himself as strongly as many other statesmen on the history of time, he has left a good record — that of one who always acted up to a lofty standard of honor on all occasions, and served his country with absolute fidelity. There was no other public man of his generation whose character and habits were farther removed from the commonplace than his. To strangers, or to persons whom he did not like, he was proud, cold, forbidding; to his friends, or those whom he desired to make his friends, he was approachable, genial, kindly. He was called a vain man, yet those who talked of his vanity could not deny that he was a giant in debate on such great occasions as furnish the most exacting tests of intellectual caliber. He was too proud to stoop to meanness or to employ any of the arts of tricksters. He won his triumphs honorably, and bore his defeats grandly. His conception of what a Senator should be was a lofty ideal, and he faithfully strove to live up to it.

The most eloquent tribute that was paid to the memory of the Sage of Marshfield, when his career ended, came from the lips of an aged farmer, who, standing by his open grave, said with tremulous voice, "Daniel Webster, the world will be lonely without you." The friends of Roscoe Conkling must feel to-day, and for many a day to come, as that farmer friend of Webster felt; for Conkling was truth itself in his friendships. And, while he was never unmindful of the obligations of friendship, he was equally careful to remember his enemies. He cherished resentments as proud men are apt to do. He was not such a man as wins the love of the masses — was not a magnetic man — but he commanded universal respect, and attached his friends to him with indissoluble ties.

It was the misfortune of Mr. CONKLING to incur the hostility of Mr. Blaine, and it was equally the misfortune of Mr. Blaine to make an enemy of Mr. CONKLING, when both were in the House of Representatives. Their party and the country both suffered from the factional strife thus engendered. The lives of both these men were marred by the incidents growing out of that conflict. Mr. Blaine certainly would, and Mr. CONKLING might have been President, if they had been friends.

Since his retirement from politics Mr. CONKLING has borne himself without reproach — a unique, impressive figure. His silence has been profoundly eloquent. It was so persuasive that the vote of Mr. Blaine in Mr. CONKLING's county fell off from the Garfield vote to a number exceeding Mr. Cleveland's plurality in the entire State.

Few men are so unlike all other men as was ROSCOE CONKLING. He could not act or talk without showing that he was strikingly peculiar. His diction was full of quaint old words, rarely used, and he often followed Walker in preference to Webster or Worcester in his pronunciation. His superb physique was a fitting tenement for a strong and vigorous mind. He had his faults — as which of us has not — but his virtues overbalanced them so much that he who writes him down fairly must credit him with a good life. There are few of his fellow-citizens who will not sincerely deplore his death.

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**From the Daily Tribune, Salt Lake City, April 18.**

It is finished. The struggle is over, and of the millions of Americans, the one foremost in many ways, is dead. Treachery did its worst upon him; malice and envy and meanness fired all their poisoned shafts at him; under a conspiracy of hate, malice, treachery, ingratitude, falsehood and fear, he was driven into political exile, and every low scoundrel in the land raised his cry of triumph; but even then not one dared to whisper that his patriotism was not as clear as a planet's light; not one that his hands were not clean. They called him "a boss" because he had the brains to engineer a political battle in a way to win, but not one ever charged that he resorted to either unmanly or dishonorable means to accomplish his purposes; not one ever claimed that he offered a foul blow; not one ever charged that he had resorted to the ordinary methods of the small politician, and all felt, even when they would not admit the fact, that what he obtained was through the sheer force of his imperial intellect and will, backed by a steadfast and patriotic purpose. Of course, he had many enemies. It could not have been otherwise. Above all things, he hated a fraud and a hypocrite. He had a ready contempt which found vent in invective that cut like a surgeon's scalpel, and left the monstrosity before him so dissected that all its moral rottenness was ever after visible to the world. Of course, he was charged with egotism. That was true, but the excuse urged in extenuation was that he had a right to be self-respectful, for the good God gave him a masterful brain and a perfect physique, and he lived before men so that he could carry his crest high by day, for he took no self-reproaches with him to his couch by night. For twenty-five years he sat in the Congress of the United States. Twenty

years of that time he was a most conspicuous figure before the country; his opportunities were ample for acquiring a fortune; his power was almost boundless; but when he retired, retired because he felt that the great State and party he represented had been dishonored and betrayed, he went away poor in fortune, but with the consciousness that he had never broken his word, had never neglected a duty, even to the humblest man who had leaned upon him; had never broken his faith nor his word, and that for a quarter of a century he had given his best abilities to his country. This happens to make a record which time can not efface. Rather when the hounds that barked at his heels shall all have been forgotten, this record will remain and take on divine tints which will encircle his memory with a halo that will give his statue colossal proportions in his niche in the ages. In the field of his triumphs there were three occasions when, it seems to us, his superiority over his fellow-men shone out most conspicuously. The one was after General Sherman had sent up his dispatch from New Orleans saying that the bogus Legislature convened there were banditti, and asking for orders to establish order. Congress for days rang with anathemas against the soldier, and the administration behind him. The ablest speakers of the opposition, one after another, vented their fury and, in more than one State Legislature, resolutions were carried in excitement and anger, condemning the general and the party in power, while the press of the opposition poured out its venom in a Niagara flood. At last Roscoe Conkling got the floor of the Senate, and talked for two hours. There was never after that a speech on the other side, never another hostile resolution, and the fury of the press changed to simply a sullen whine. In our judgment, there never was a speech delivered by any other man that produced an effect so convincing, all embracing and profound. It was a command of "about face" to the nation. His second greatest triumph, as we estimate it, was in the National Republican Convention in Chicago, in 1880. The vast hall had been packed against him; on arising, he was assailed with hisses and stamping, and for a quarter of an hour the storm raged like a cyclone around him. But he faced the seething mass until he beat them down to the point of listening, and when he seized the opportunity and, beginning, uttered slowly the words:

> And when asked what State he hails from,
> Our sole reply shall be,
> He hails from Appomattox,
> And its famous apple-tree.

There was a hush upon the hall which revealed that a master spirit had taken control. In five minutes more the men, who had but just been stamping and cat-calling, were dancing upon the seats cheering and waving flags and handkerchiefs. A gentleman of this city, who was present, and who is an acute judge of such things, declares that it was the most magnificent triumph of an imperial intellect and imperious will that he ever saw, and he believes that not oftener than once in a generation is such a manifestation of the force of a royal mind given to the senses of men. His third grand triumph was when, at Grant's call, he started with his old chief to save the fortunes of his party. At the time the Republican cause seemed so desperate that even the sanguine, gallant and magnetic

Blaine was almost in despair. Maine had given a victory to the opposition, there was doubt, confusion and signs of demoralization all along the Republican ranks, and Hancock was holding the political heights, even as he did the key to Gettysburgh, when Grant and CONKLING wakened the old inspiring slogan and sounded the last tremendous charge. The face of the campaign was changed in an hour: in three days there was no longer any doubt about the result. Shortly after, overborne by the machinations against him, CONKLING went into retirement, and since has been engaged in building up a little fortune by his profession. He was hounded into private life, and the Republican party permitted it. The party has reaped its reward. It has not scored a national point since. Even the men who were noisiest in the attack on him have betrayed and deserted the party they affected to be so anxious to save from him and his methods. They have fully vindicated his estimate of them, that they were dishonest, insincere sneaks and frauds. Now he is dead, and the wrongs he received, and which millions of his countrymen hoped some time to be able to grandly requite, go with him to the grave. We hope that none of all the breed of mutineers will be given to look upon his dead face, or be permitted to join in the procession that will follow him to the sepulcher. It would disturb him in his narrow house. None but Stalwarts should be there. The only comfort left is, that when the malice, hate and hypocrisy of this generation shall have been forgotten, and patient history picks up the threads which make up the lives of the great men of this age, and weaves from them his record, it will be seen where ROSCOE CONKLING really stood. And gazing toward that height, the men who are to be, will say: "He was strong above his fellows; he was clean and free in every detail of his high career."

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**From the Daily Tribune, Salt Lake City, April 21.**

Gather near, Stalwarts! The most august grave that ever the men of the Empire State hallowed for one of their own sons, is prepared and ready to receive its occupant. The April buds are bursting; the maples and elms are donning their garniture of green; the air is heavily freighted with the incense of spring; nature smiles—as might a loving friend while watching a mother lulling her tired child to sleep—as the earth opens her merciful breast to receive and hush in everlasting rest her tired son. On that soil he grew up; on that soil he learned the first lessons of labor, of patriotism and truth; on that soil he caught the first inspiration that only royal brains and hearts without reproach have a right to rule; on that soil he won his first triumphs; when he went away it was but to advance in worth and to achieve high renown; when he returned there was not a speck on, or dent in the shield of his perfect uprightness. It is most meet that his last sleep shall be where every memory of his life will be an inspiration forever to the children and children's children of his old neighbors and friends.

This is no day for reproaches; no day for unavailing regrets. When under the coma which preceded dissolution, his eyes no longer recognized the loved ones around him; we fancy that in the gloom above his couch the shades of Grant and Logan and Lincoln and O. P. Morton, and the other

mighty ones who have gone before, and who, in life, were wont to lean upon him when a supreme achievement of brain was needed, were waiting to extend to his soul a welcome so cordial that every regret and every reproach should be forgotten.

How thin the ranks of the wonderful band have grown on earth! Voice after voice has grown still under the fierce blasts of the years until but few are any more heard. It is the end of the earth, or, rather, it is the moving on of the endless procession of death and birth, and as, thus far, each succeeding generation has been equal to all the duties that have been imposed upon it; we may hope it will continue so.

Still it is right to stand in the bitterness of sorrow around this grave to-day. To-day millions will be repeating to themselves such words as these: "How fares it with him? We wonder if, with quickened intelligence, in the clearer light of the Beyond, he knows how closely we held him to our souls; how longingly we hoped that the day might come when we could prove how high we held him in our thoughts; how much we honored him."

His enemies love to repeat that in his bearing before men he was haughty and austere. So he was, and yet to-day, in ten thousand homes of the lowly and the poor in his native State, fathers and mothers, in low and tear-choked voices, are telling their children that an uncrowned king of men is going to his rest, that the foremost man of our continent has ceased to live, and they will give as reasons for their estimate of him, that he never did a dishonest or dishonorable act; that he never broke faith with mortal man; that neither his patriotism nor sense of justice ever failed him, and that in intellect he was divine.

His faults were but the infirmities of greatness. Except for them men would have apotheosized him, and ever after held him in thought as the later Greeks did Hercules. It is better as it is, for now the eager sons of the Republic may seek to emulate what was divine in him. Because of his work a new glory was given to the system of government which in his land bears sway. His native land was exalted by his life; his native State is made more sacred because his grave is to be there. Because he lived, the youth of this country have a higher incentive to struggle for honorable names; because he lived, it will be harder in future for any American to fail to perform his full duty.

He often presented to his fellow-men a haughty mien, but at heart he was all loyalty and justice and truth, and so his fame will grow with the years as men more and more comprehend him. He lived a glorified life. He made a gallant fight and worked until the end. Even in the fever-visions that crept in under the shadow of approaching death, he was in thought holding courts and Senates under the spell of the consummate power of his mind and the grace and enchantment of his eloquence. The old conflicts seemed raging around him, and like the bold bird whose home is in the cliffs he was riding the blast above the ocean that was roaring furiously below. Haughty as he was, from childhood he believed there are no lasting honors except such as are honestly secured; no road to glory save through pitiless and unremitting toil, and so he wooed labor until at last it became his comforter, and he earned the rest that has come to him. In the halo that encircles and aureoles his memory, his human weaknesses are not seen and his lofty attributes take on sublime proportions.

## A SPECIMEN OF CONKLING'S ELOQUENCE.

**From His Great Speech in New York, September 17, 1880.**

We are citizens of a Republic. We govern ourselves. Here no pomp of eager array in chambers of royalty awaits the birth of boy or girl to wield an hereditary scepter whenever death or revolution pours on the oil of coronation. We know no scepter save a majority's constitutional will. To wield that scepter in equal share is the duty and the right, nay, the birthright of every citizen. The supreme, the final, the only peaceful arbiter here is the ballot-box; and in that urn should be gathered, and from it should be sacredly recorded the conscience, the judgment, the intelligence of all. The right of free self-government has been in all ages the bright dream of oppressed humanity—the sighed-for privilege to which thrones, dynasties and power have so long blocked the way. France seeks it by forced marches and daring strides. Mr. Forster, Secretary for Ireland, tells the peerage of England, it must take heed, lest it fall; and Westminister and England ring with dread echoes of applause. But in the fullness of freedom the Republic of America is alone in the earth; alone in its grandeur; alone in its blessings; alone in its promises and possibilities, and, therefore, alone in the devotion due from its citizens.

## "A NOBLE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN."

**Roscoe Conkling so Described by "P'ter O'Dactyl," Who Knew Him From Boyhood.**

I have seen ROSCOE CONKLING'S rise and fall. The announcement of his death is a shock to me, like that of a relative, because his intense personality suffuses whoever he has once spoken to.

In Oneida county there are two court-houses and two county towns—Utica and Rome. I think it was the year 1849 that I saw a young man step off the car from Utica and ask the way to the court-house. He had two law-books under his arm, was apparently about twenty years of age, and looked like a tall, blond young lady; had on a tall silk hat, a frock coat with velvet collar; his cheek was as fresh as a rose, and he had long red ringlets clustered about his neck. It was obviously his first journey to that court-house. His elastic step and buoyant face arrested my attention. Self-consciousness, hope, ambition and confidence, and all that constitute the spring-time of life in the most exalted natures, pervaded the youth. That was an instantaneous vision that I have never forgotten.

I think it was just two years after that I attended the celebrated trial for arson in Utica, where Joshua Spencer, one of our grand old-time figures, was counsel for the prisoners. The same blond young man, six feet tall, was striding in and out. A year after that, in 1852, I was attending the

hustings at a country village in central New York, when there was an uproar at the advent of some speakers from Utica. It was the Scott-Pierce campaign. Joshua Spencer was there. But a perfect storm of calls for "CONKLING! CONKLING!" caused a young man to mount on a bench in the rear of the hall in response. The lights grew dim under the racket. I saw the same blond youth I have been speaking about. He was then about twenty-two years old. The ringlets had been shorn off, and he had a more business-like and practical aspect. I recollect he stood in a long grey overcoat, and with entire composure and superiority of feeling and mien he said he would be happy to speak to them on a future occasion.

From that time on he was the idol of Oneida county. Everybody knows his brilliant official succession in the history of New York during its most momentous epochs. In 1855 I had a few minutes business conversation with him on the sidewalk in Utica. In 1856 I went after him in a buggy to make a speech, but had no occasion to tell him my name, I being a mere escort. In 1866, ten years after, I had another brief transaction with him in Washington, when, to my astonishment, he remembered me and placed me.

In 1886, twenty years after that, I was on a railroad car in the interior of the State one morning. When there were only three or four persons in the car his eyes several times met mine, so, in deference to his manners, I greeted him. He placed me again away back thirty years upon all the occasions, but still did not know my name nor business; and right here, from a whole hour's conversation with this noble American gentleman, I must say I found him to be a man of the kindliest instincts. Without unbending or lowering his great nature, I felt on terms of equality and ease with him, and yet gratified at his magnificent mind and honored with what was a true and faithful companionship. I could compare him only to William Pitt, and felt, for once, the insufficency of our political institutions for exalting into public prominence the most worthy of our citizens. Opportunities did not lie in the way of ROSCOE CONKLING commensurate with his character and gifts. There never was in this country a nobler Democrat, although he was called, politically, a Republican. He has died too soon, cut off in his prime. None who knew him will feel reconciled; almost everybody who has come within the influence of his personality has had the instinctive hope and expectation in his behalf of a still greater career for him and benefit to the country.

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